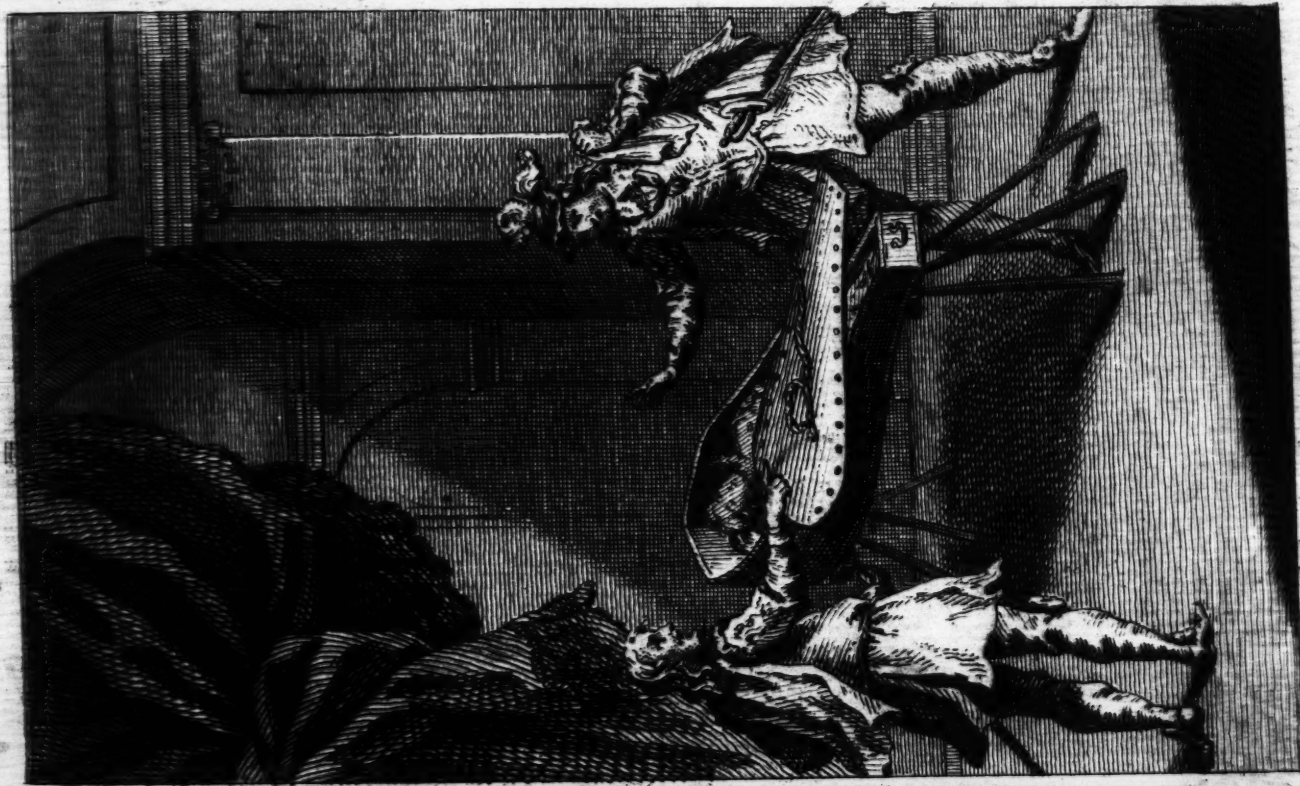
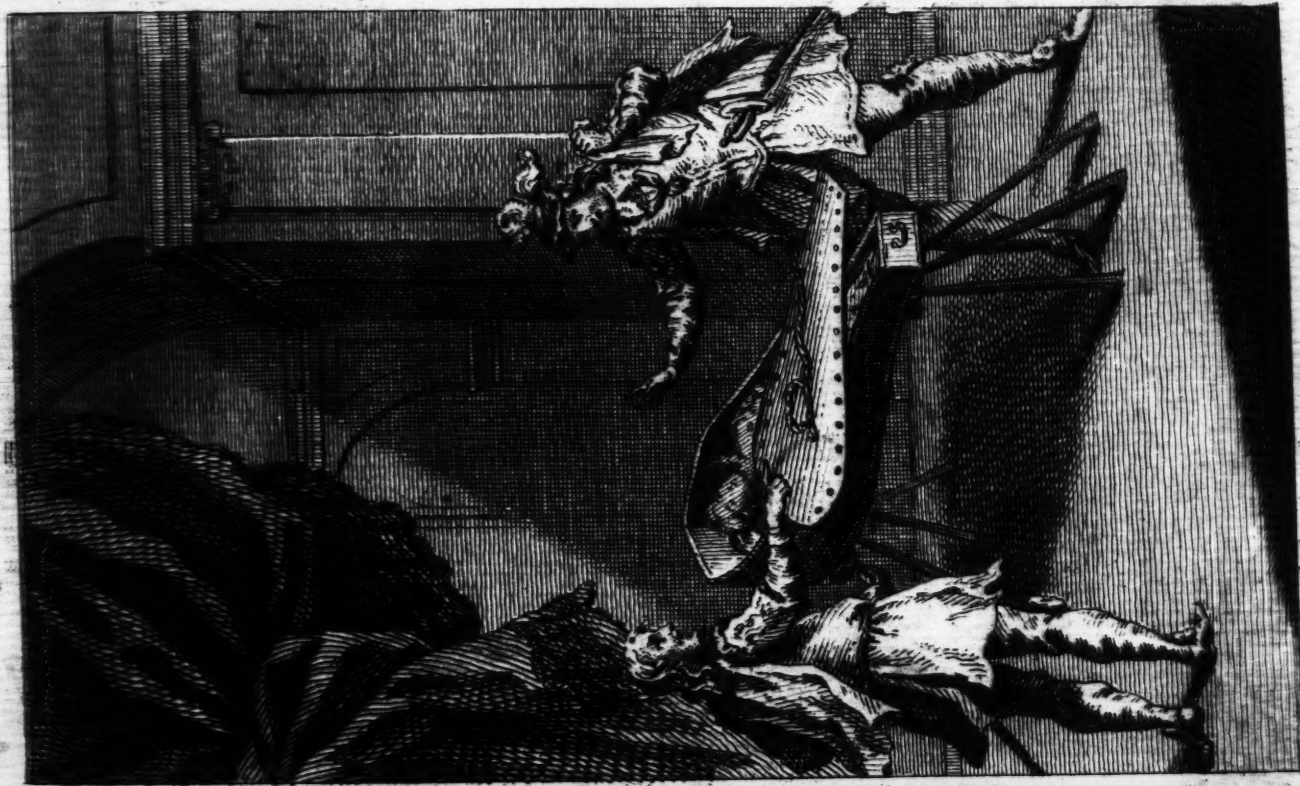




J. P. Gault the Engraver



J. P. Gault the Engraver

THE

FATAL SECRET.

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

In ~~Covent-Garden.~~

By Mr. THEOBALD. K

*Projicit Ampullas Et sequepdalia Verba,
Si curat Cor Spectantis teigisse Querelâ.*

Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WATTS; And Sold by W. FEALES at
Rexw's Head, the Corner of ~~Essex-Street~~ in the Strand.

M DCC XXXV.



S



fer
IN ou Bu the gr of





To the Right Honourable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

S I R,



HE little Piece, which, I now
throw at your Feet, can boast
no other Merit to warrant its
Approach, than that it comes
to express the Duty of its Pre-
senter. This Address, indeed, is in the
Nature of an unauthoriz'd Vistant ; and I
ought to beg Pardon, if it is unseasonable.
But I could not resist that Occasion, which
the Crisis of Affairs furnishes, of humbly con-
gratulating with you on the present Honours
of our Country.

A 2

Ln

D E D I C A T I O N.

It has been the peculiar Glory of BRITAIN, by her Arms or Mediations, to preserve the Balance of Power in EUROPE; and to rescue distress'd States from the ambitious Views of an over-weening Neighbour. This, even foreign Annals must report, We have done; and PORTUGAL stands now a shining Instance, that We have neither lost the *Vir- tue*, nor the *Courage*, to exert that *saving* Power. I speak it with the more Pleasure, because the Justice of Posterity must remember, This was achiev'd when Sir ROBERT WALPOLE was at the Head of the British MINISTRY.

This is a real Praise which *History* must transmit; and which will transcend the Flatteries of a thousand *Dedicators*. Malecontents may blush to think with what Freedom they have sneer'd at a *pacifick* Fleet; but PORTUGAL will witness, that *our Fleet* rides the Ocean in *Triumph*, even without the Necessity of *striking a Blow* for it.

My Subject, SIR, has naturally led me into a Strain, which I know myself very little able to treat of as I ought. My wayward Fate has thrown me into a Station, where I must remain a Stranger to these high Affairs; be buried in obscure, and, I fear, un-

DEDICATION.

unprofitable Studies; without the Happiness, in any Capacity, of serving my Country. But whether I may be ever thought worthy of her Favour, or no, I will be content to admire those Arts and Counsels, by which Tranquillity is preserv'd, and Calumny must be silenced: so long as I may be permitted to share the Honour of your Smiles, and the Liberty of professing my self,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

and most faithful

bumble Servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.



P R E F A C E.

I*H E* Importance of some Friends, whom I could by no means disobey, has drawn from me the Publication of this Piece at a Disadvantage. They profess an Inclination to read sedately what, they are so kind to say, pleas'd them two Years ago in the Representation. But such was its Fate then, that, appearing at a Season when the Weather was warm, and the Town in a political Ferment, it was prais'd and forsaken; and I had this choice Comfort left me, of hearing every body wonder that it was not supported. Since that Time, the Actors, who perform'd in it, have divided themselves, so it could not be reviv'd: Whether any Theatre may think it worth that Trouble hereafter, I will not take upon me to determine.

Tho' I call'd it *The Fatal Secret*, I had no Intentions of disguising from the Publick, that, (as my Friend has confess'd for me in the Prologue) John Webster had pre-
ceded me, above a hundred Years ago, in the same Story. I have retain'd the Names of the Characters in his Dutchess of M A L Y; adopted as much of his Tale as I conceiv'd for my Purpose, and as much of his Writing as I could turn to Account without giving into too obsolete a Diction. If I have borrow'd his Matter freely, I have taken it up on fair and open Credit; and, hope, I have repaid the Principal with Interest. I have no where spared my self, out of Indulgence, but have often engrafed his Thoughts and Language, because I was conscious I could not so well supply them from my own Fund. When I first read his Scenes, I found something singularly engaging in
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P R E F A C E.

the Passion, a mixture of the Masculine, and the Tender's which induced me to think of modernizing them: Another Motive was, that the Discreet of the Tale is not fictitious, but founded on authentick Record. And, besides the Historians of Naples, Goulart has given this Story a place in his Histoires Admirables de notre Temps; the Italian, Bandello, has work'd it up into one of his Novels; and Lopez de Vega brought it upon the Spanish Stage, under the Title of El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalfi.

I was in hopes to have glean'd something noble, and sprightly, from the Spanish Poet; but, to my Mortification, was heavily disappointed. There was but a single Thought, if I remember, that I could wish to have transplanted from his whole Play. Antonio standing confus'd to find himself alone with the Dutchess in her Bedchamber, and she enquiring into the Reason of his Disorder, he repliet:

Si corriendo una cortina

Un Angel se descubrieste,

No era justo que temiese

Ver su figura divina?

But besides that I could not employ it, as I have consulted the Story, Mr. Dryden seems in a manner to have translated the Thought in the Spanish Fryar.

When we behold an Angel, not to fear,

Is to be impudent.

Another great Discouragement, why I could make no use of the Spaniard, was, that he is so absurd in his Scenary, and Incidents. To give but one Instance; he chafes with a Piece of Cookery, as extraordinary as it is shocking. Antonio and his Infants are decoy'd into the Hands of the Duke of Calabria, by a Wife; the Dutchess is likewise stray'd home, under the Cohour of being reconcil'd to her cruel Brother; and an Expectation of seeing her Husband: when the Scene draws and discovers a Table spread and cover'd with three Dishest, the Head of Antonle.

P R E F A C E.

senio lying in the middle one; and the Heads of the *Chit*
chen in the two Side-Disser. Quodcumque offendis mili-
 fic, incredulus odi.

As to our Countryman Webster, tho' I am to confess
 Obligations to him, I am not oblig'd to be blind to all his
 Faults. He is not without his Incidents of Horror, almost
 as extravagant as those of the Spaniard. He had a strong
 and impetuous Genius, but without a most wild and indigest-
 ed one: He sometimes conceived nobly, but did not always
 express with Clarity; and if he now and then sours him-
 self, he is often rife into the Region of Bombast: his
 Conceptions were so eccentric, that we are not to wonder
 why we cannot ever trace him. As for Rules, he either
 knew them not, or thought them too servile a Restraint.
 Hence it is, that he slips over Years and Kingdoms with
 an equal Liberty. (It must be confess'd, the Unities were
 very sparingly observ'd at the Time in which he wrote;
 however, when any Poet travels so fast, that the Imagi-
 nation of his Spectators cannot keep pace with him, Proba-
 bility is put quite out of Breath.) Now has he been less licen-
 tious in another Respect: He makes mention of Gallileo
 and Galileo, neither of whom were born till near half a
 Century after the Dutchess of Maltby was murder'd.

Having been so free in characterizing the Old Bard, I
 may reasonably expect an Inquisition into my own Person-
 nage: But I am willing to be beforehand with Censur-
 ers, and allow all the Faults they shall think fit to
 impute to it. What I have done is submitted to Examina-
 tion, and I'll spare my self the Odium of marking it out.
 If the Piece has any Praise, it is, in my Opinion, that
 it had Power to draw Tears from fair Eyes. The Poet,
 who writes for the Stage, should principally aim at plea-
 sing his female Judges: for the best Proof, whether he
 can draw a Disress, is, how far their Nature and Vir-
 tues are touch'd with his Portraiture.

1733

P R O.



PROLOGUE,

Written by PHILIP FROWDE, Esq;

AN ancient Bard, a Century ago,
Chose out this Tale of soft, pathetick, Woe.
Then, as they say, Beaus could Attention keep,
And injur'd Nature forc'd the Fair to weep.
He, who could stir the Passions, knew no Tears;
Sincere Applause still crown'd him in their Tears.
The Night's Adverser for the same Words would scow,
And tries his Strength in Webster's narrow Bow.
Why should he then despair, since this his Aim?
Nature should be in every Age the same.
But now 'twere Iust our Author's Debt to raise
To his old Friend; — then, leave him to his Fate.
A waste, uncultivated, Soil he found
O'er-run with Weeds; yet in the fertile Ground
Some Elements, almost imperceptible to View,
Fragrant and Fair, irregularly grew.
These was the Modern's Labour to display
In comely Order, shew'd to the Day;
With decent Grace arrang'd before your Eyes,
He bids them in their genuine Lustre rise.
The rude, old Bard, if Critick Larus he knew,
Saw a too warm Imagination drew
And coming Raps, should by one but confuse,
Nor Time, nor Place, adjust'd in his Design.
This Wild Luxuriance our Chaste Muse restrain'd,
Blinds him indeed, but 'tis with friendly Chains;
Such as the prudent Parents, Art and mild,
The prudent's as you shew'd, put on a Rational Mask.
If yet some Taste for Tragedy remain'd,
To you, ye Fair, are meant the coming Scenes,
Should your full Eyes in soft Compassion glow,
Your Breast with gen'rous Indignation glow,
The Fair Example shall instruct the Age,
And banish Farce, and Folly, from the Stage.

Dramatic

Dramatis Personæ.

Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, Cardinal of Arragon. Young Duke of Malfy, about 12 Years old. Antonio, Great Master of the Household to the Dutchess. Dello, his Friend. Marquiss of Pescara, Treasurer. Belsa, a Dependant on Duke Ferdinand and the Cardinal. Flavio, Tutor to the young Duke. Urbino, Secretary to Duke Ferdinand. Captain of the Guard. Carlos, Julio, Rodriguez.	Brothers to the Dutchess. Mr. Walker. Miss Binchet. Mr. Milward. Mr. Hale. Mr. Chapman. Mr. Bula. Mr. Page. Mr. Aston. 3 Servants of the Cardinal. Mrs. Hallam. Mrs. Kilby.
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Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, the Dutchess's Palace in Malfy.



THE

FATAL SECRET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Antechamber.*

The Marquis of Pescara, and Delle meeting.

DELLE.

Y noble Lord, I joy to find that Age,
Whose cumberous Injuries fill thick on
some,

And bow them down to Earth, seems to
withhold

His heavy Hand, as sparing of your Vir-
tues;

And presses only with a friendly Weight.

Pesc. Travel, I fear, young Man, has taught you
Flatt'ry;

That common hacknied Art of seeming civil,
And being insincere: if so, forego it;

And welcome back to *Massy*, worthy *Delle*.

You have been long in *France*, and you return
A very formal *Frenchman* in your Habit.

B

How

The FATAL SECRET.

How relish you that Court?

Del. So well, that I

Could gladly waste the Remnant of a Life there.

Pess. Reports, that's false, kind to Prince's Names,
Speaks loud in Praises of that Monarch's Wisdom.

Del. Nor is the partial in that Praise, my Lord,
In seeking to reduce both State and People

To a strict Order, this judicious King

Begins at home; quits first his Royal Palace

Of flattery Sycophants; of such, whose Morals,

Corrupt and loose, might hurt the founder Minds;

Consid'ring duely, that a Prince's Court

Is like a common Fountain, whence should flow

Pure silver Streams diffusive; but if, haply,

Some curst Example poison near the Head,

The foul Contagion spreads throughout the Land.

Pess. You are a faithful Herald of his Virtues;

And your good Mistress will be pleas'd to hear

You dare be just to Worth, when e'en 'tis feared.

Del. Her beauteous Excellence is still unmarried?

Pess. I hope so, *Del.*

Del. Why, my honour'd Lord?

Pess. Because I'd wish her still your Royal Mistress.

And so her State of Power is circumstanc'd

By her late Consort's Will, that know, young Man,

Her Rule determines with her Widowhood:

And should she take another Lord, the Pope

May seize into Protection of the Church

The Dukedom, which she holds as Dowager,

And Guardian to her Son.

Del. Then must those Beauties,

Which might enrich the worthiest Monarch's Bed,

Like consecrated Treasures, lye inshrind;

Be lost to Use, and only wonder'd at!

Pess. 'Tis true, and Pity 'tis; But she, fair Saint,

Bears the Restriction with a Mien so chearful,

So wean'd from young Desires, as if her Charms

Were lent to be like monumental Lamps,

Burn inward, and adorn her Husband's Grave.

Del. I hope, my Friend and Partner of my Studies

Lives

Lives in her Smiles, and holds the wanted Grace.

Pesc. The good *Antonio*? — You must call him now Great Master of her Household, Our wise Dutchess

Both knows and cherishes his Worth as full:

Who pays her Favours back with ample Service.

For still an honest Statesman to a Prince

Is like a Cedar planted by a Spring;

The Spring bathes the Tree's Root; the grateful Tree

Rewards it with his Shadow. — His Advancement

May well be styl'd her Glory; while we joy,

That some Preferment in the World can yet

Arise from Merit.

Del. You speak Musick to me!

So dear I love the Man, and prize his Fame.

The Presence fills: — and, or my Eyes are false,

Of *Boysia* amidst th' obsequious Train

Shot glancing by.

Pesc. — You know him then, it seems?

Del. Full well; our Fellow-student at *Bologna*.

Of an aspiring Spirit; but one that wears

His Disposition cloak'd with Gloom and Thought;

Blunt and morose in Language; brave, but cruel;

There is a savage Mixture in his Nature,

An unreclaim'd, and most irregular Perverseness

That Virtue scarce can temper to her Laws.

Pesc. I have observ'd him such: His Tongue sheds Wormwood;

The Gall o' th' Court. — Yet, as I guess, his Railing

Is not from simple Love of Piety;

He seems to rail at Things, which most he wants:

And would be wanton, covetous, or proud,

As any Man; had he the Means to be so.

I like him not.

Del. What Motive brings him hither?

Pesc. That wants expounding yet. He comes a Creature

Of *Ferdinand*, the great *Calabrian* Duke;

Or to the Cardinal of *Arragon*,

Our Dutchess' Brothers, who are now her Guests.

But see, your worthy Friend: —

★ The FATAL SECRET ★

Enter Antonio, attended with Sultans.

Ant. My Lord *Pescara*,
Let me commend these Sultans to your Virtue.
We're grown old Debtors; and 'tis time we now
Consult our Mistress' Honour, and their Wants,
In clearing these Demands. I pray, dispatch 'em.
'The Prince, who boasts full Coffers, yet withholds
His Subjects Dues, at best is half a Tyrant.

Pesc. My Lord, I have a grateful Present for you.

[*Presenting Dello.*]

Ant. *Dello!*

Del. Your Slave.

Pesc. Heav'n's Goodness crown your Friendship!
Follow me, Sirs. [*Exit Marc, or Pescara, and Sultans.*]

Ant. My ever-valued Friend!

Welcome! O welcome to my Arms and Heart!

I wanted one, in whose lov'd Breast to pour

My Comforts and my Cares; and Fate has sent thee,

When most I wish'd the Blessing.

Del. Doubly yours,

In Duty and in Love. — My Joy is eager

To gratulate your new Encrease of Honours.

Ant. My Royal Mistress is a Heav'n of Goodness;

And makes the Dictates of her gen'rous Heart

'The Measure of her Servants' seeming Merits.

O *Dello*, I'm indebted to her Bounties,

Beyond what thou canst think, or I can utter.

Del. You've now a splendid Court; her princely Brothers,

there,

It seems, are resident at *Massy* with you;

I've known them formerly. — The Cardinal,

'Tis said abroad, is rather brave than holy;

Will play his thousand Crowns at Tennis, dance,

Courts Ladies, and has fought his single Combats.

Ant. Such Flashes of exterior Gallantry

May hang on him for Form; but, note him inward,

And he's the fow and melancholy Churchman.

Where once he's jealous, he will lay worse Plots,

Than *Juno's* Hate devis'd for *Hercules*,

To sink the Man his Foe; strew in his Way

Intelli-

THE FATAL SECRET.

Intelligencers, Plott'ers, prating Athelsts,
And the whole Brood of fly, political Monst'rs,
'T' o share his Life away. He had been Pope,
But, 'stead of climbing to the sacred Chair
By Steps of plain and primitive Deceeny,
He did bestow Bribes with so large a Hand,
And that so open, as he meant to carry
The Dignity away 'gainst Heav'n's Consent.

Del. I have enough of him ! But what's his Brother ?
Ant. The Duke ! (they're Twins in Quality of Soul.)

Of so perverse and turbulent a Nature,
Those Elements seem at War, of which he's fashion'd.
What appears in him Mirth, is meer Outside ;
He speaks with others Tongues, and hear Men's Suits
As oft with others Ears ; will doom to Death
By Information, and rewards on Hear-sky.

Del. Why, what a Pair is this, to make the World
Asham'd of Royalty ! — But, for their Sister, —

Ant. Ay, *Delio*, there's the Stamp of Heav'n's Vice-
gerent.

You never fix'd your Eye on three fair Medals
Cast in one Mould, so diff'rent of Expression.

For her Discourse, 'tis so like Harmony,

You only will begin then to be sorry,

When she doth end her Speech : And while she talks,

She throws a Look of so much Sweetness round,

As makes Beholders doat upon her Beauties

With Wonder and Delight : Yet in that Look

There breaks forth so divine a Continence,

As cuts off ev'ry vain and wanton Hope.

Her Days are practis'd in such noble Virtues,

That, sure, her Nights, nay more, her very Slumbers

Are more in Heav'n than Vestals rapt in Vision.

Del. Your honest Praise is breath'd with such a Warmth,
As speaks it from the Heart.

Ant. Indeed, it grows there.

My Admiration, join'd to grateful Duty,

Makes my Tongue wanton in the rapturous Theme,

And begs me to Excess. — But oh, my *Delio*,

I have a Secret for thy trusty Ear,

B 3

That,

THE FATAL SECRET.

That, once discover'd, must seal thy Lips for ever.

Bos. Make me the Partner of your innermost Counsels,
And I'll conceal your Secret from the World,
As wally as they, who trade in Poison,
Keep Poison from their Children.

Ans. — Kind, as faithful!

You shall partake it! But we're interrupted!

Come, let me lead you to the Dutchess's Presence,

And she shall seal your Welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cardinal, Attend'd by Bosola.

Card. You haunt me, Sir.

Bos. 'Cause I my self am haunted.

If Poverty's a Friend, who in her Train

Brings watchful Cares, bold Importunity,

Neglect of Friends, and general Contempt.

I've done you better Service, and you've own'd it,

Than to be slighted thus. — Degen's late Age,

Where only the Reward of doing well

Lies in the doing!

Card. Sir, you do enforce

Your own Deserts too much. Learn Modesty:

And study to be honest.

Bos. 'Would your Grace

With all the Light of your Divinity

Could point me out the Path. I've heard, that many

Have travell'd far in Quest, and yet return'd

As arrant Knaves as they at first set forth,

Because they bore themselves along th' journey.

Card. Now you grow insistent.

Bos. If to speak Truth

In plain and unfeet Phrase, and, after, dare

To back it with my Sword, be Insolence:

E'er since I could write Man, 'tis what I've practis'd.

Card. So ev'ry Ruffian says. —

Enter Duke Ferdinand.

Brother, your Ear.

Be sure, you entertain this *Bosola*

For our Intelligence: I'd not be seen in't:

And therefore often have I seem'd to slight him,

When he did court our Furt's since in his Service.

Ferd.

THE FATAL SECRET. 7

Ferd. Why were not the Great Master of her Household bitter to watch her!

Card. No, that Thought deceives you. His Nature is too honest for such Business! And would betray our Trust in pure dull Virtue. This Fellow's to be bought, and court's Employment. I'll leave him to you, use the instant Means Of Treach, and render him to our purpose. [*Exit Card.*]

Bos. He's gone! — Ingratitude is, sure, grown shame-some Men, as Zenlots fancy, are possess'd; But yon great Fellow might possess the Devil, And make him more a Friend. —

Ferd. You seem disturb'd:
The Cardinal my Brother, as I guess,
Scarce likes you well.

Bos. — Never since he was my Debtor.
Ferd. Perhaps, some oblique Character in your Face
Makes him suspect you.

Bos. Does he study Faces,
Against the Faith o' th' Proverb, to be couzen'd?
He doth suspect me wrongfully.

Ferd. That granted,
You must give Great Men leave to take their Times:
Distrust secures us best from being deceiv'd;
As oft the Shaking of the lofty Cedar
Fastens it more at Root.

Bos. The Maxim's frail.
For to suspect a Friend unworthily,
Instructs him the next Way to suspect you;
Thence prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. Come, forget it:
I mean you Honours.

Bos. There are many Roads,
All publick too, conduct to seeming Honours;
But most are dirty ones.

Ferd. This Purse in Earnest. [*Gives him Gold.*]

Bos. What follows? Never rain'd such Show'rs as these,
But Thunderbolts succeeded. What Achievement
Must buy this golden Bribe? Whose Throat be cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to shed Blood rides Post, —
Exit

6 **THE FATAL SECRET.**

Use my Occasions ask. I give you that,
To live i'th' Court here, to observe the Dutches's;
'To note all the Particulars of her Haviour;
What Suitors do solicit her for Marriage,
And whom she best affects. She's a young Widow
I would not have to marry.

Bes. No, Sir, why?

Ferd. Do not you ask the Reason: Be content,

I say, I would not.

Bes. So this tempting Bait

Must turn me to a subtle quaint Familiar.

Ferd. What's that?

Bes. A sort of Witch's Spirit, for Mischief:
That cherish'd Tool of Courts, call'd an Informer;
Whose Thriving hangs on his ingenious Care
To find out Accusations, or invent 'em.
I would be taught th' Extent of my Commission,
And your Expectance.

Ferd. If your Necessities

Permit you to be moral, more than wife,

My Largess was misplaced.

Bes. Is it so strange,

I would not let my Virtue down the Wind
Without a Qualm at Parting? The Reflection
Puzzles my Reason, why a Great Man's Bounty,
That makes him truly Noble, or should do so,
Must make the Man, on whom 'tis plac'd, a Villain.
But there is Rhet'rick in this yellow Pleader,
To reconcile the wisest Paradox;
And chain Conviction to Absurdity.

I am your Creature. —

Ferd. Bend my Pow'r and Int'rest

To your wish'd Purposes, and sway 'em freely.

Know us your Friend: You must be fix'd in *Massy*:

Our Sister Dutches's shall at our Request

Admit you of her Train. — If you will hold

Your Eyes and Ears on strict and faithful Duty,

To mark her Conduct and report your Notice,

Count thence your Fortunes built. — Attend us to her.

[*Exeunt Duke Ferdinand and Bosola.*]

SCENE

THE FATAL SECRET. 9

SCENE opens to the Presence-Chamber.

Dutchess of Malfy in a Chair of State, Antonlo, Dello, Carlola, Ladies and Attendants.

Dutch. And the French Courtiers wear their Hats, you Before the King?

Del. I've seen it often, Madam.

Dutch. What, in the Presence?

Del. Yes, so please your Highness.

Dutch. Why should not we bring up that Fashion here?

'Tis gorgeous Ceremony, more than Duty,

Our Subjects shew us in a Head uncover'd.

Be you th' Example to the rest o' th' Court, [*To Apton.*
Put on your Hat first.

Ant. Pray, your gracious Pardon.

I've seen, in colder Countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to th' Prince: And the Distinction,
Methought, shew'd rev'rently.

Dutch. 'Twas, sure, a Debt.

Flatt'ry first paid, and Vanity was fond of.

Now, to my Thought, that stubborn Dignity,

Which, like th' unwieldy Elephant, ne'er knows

To bend the Joint, or scorns to condescend,

Is Grandeur ill-disguis'd in Pride. — *Antonio,*

You have a Right to stand exempt from Forms.

Ant. What said your Grace? — Heav'ns! how I shake
And read her fond Imprudence!

Dutch. That good Man,

Who takes our Cares upon him, should be deem'd

Rather a Friend than Servant: And in Friendship,

Where Parity's implied, all nice Distinctions

Of superficial Form debate its Title.

Ant. Ambition, Madam, is a Great Man's Madnes;

Who is not kept in Chains, and close-pent Rooms,

But in fair lightsom Lodgings; and is girt

With the wild Noise of prattling Visitants;

Which makes him lunatick beyond all Cure.

Let me not grow bewilder'd with your Favours:

The utmost I can do, is humble Duty

Imperfectly fulfill'd. — Your princely Brothers. —

Exit

Enter Cardinal, Duke Ferdinand, and Bosola.
Ferd. Most luckily encounter'd, good *Antonio*;
The Florentine; Caspruccio, Sir, has brought us
 Some Sets of Horles manag'd to the War.

In which I gladly would require your Judgment.

Ans. Your Grace commands my little Skill.

Ferd. We must not

Permit you to disparage your good Knowledge. —

They're now on the Parade, drawn out for View :

Delia, we much entreat you to assist

Your Friend's Opinion.

Del. At your Grace's Pleasure. [*Exe. Ant. and Del.*]

Ferd. Daniel de Bosola — where are you, Sir ?

Bos. Here, good my Lord.

Ferd. Sister, this Gentleman,

A worthy Fellow, and of Trust approv'd,

Makes court to serve you. Let him be remember'd,

And list'd of your Train.

Dutch. Your Knowledge of him

Commends him, and prefers him. — Sir, we'll study

The Means to graft you ours.

Bos. My Thanks and Duty.

Ferd. You're planted, Sir ; and it behoves, You think,

What Hand hath giv'n you Growth.

Bos. I shall remember.

Ferd. It will impart you much. — One Caution more ;

Wear your old Garb of Sow'rness and Reserve ;

So 'twill be thought you envy those above you,

Yet reach not at 'em. This will gain Access ;

And keep your Speculations unobserv'd. [*Ex. Bos. bowing.*]

Dutch. Why does your Eminence now move this Subject ?

Card. We are to leave you, and your own Discretion

Must now be your Director. You're a Widow ;

You've had your Taste of Marriage once ; and therefore

Let not Youth, gallant Bearing, Eloquence,

Nor any thing without th' Addition Honour,

Sway your high Blood. — We deem them most luxurious,

Will marry twice.

Ferd. O ! — well remember'd ; Sister,

You live in a rank Pasture here i' th' Court,

Where is a kind of Honey-dew that's deadly

To poison Fame. Look to't, and be not cunning:
Hypocrisy is wove of fine small Threads,
Subtler than *Valen's* Net: But yet, believe it,
Your darkest *Agonists*, your most private Thoughts,
Will come to light.

Card. Nay, you may flatter your self,
And take your own Choice; privately be married
Beneath Night's Cover; ~~but~~ but observe withal,
Such Wedding bears a foul Name: And its Joys,
Its wanton Pleasures, are like heavy Sleeps,
The Harbingers of Death.

Dutch. Sir, have you more?
I think, this Speech betwixt you Both was studied,
It came so roundly off.

Ferd. Deem it not slight.
The Honours of *Castile* and *Aragon*
Run in your Veins: A Stream that must run pure,
And not be sullied by a common Current.
Be warn'd in Time: Remember, you were once
The Consort of a King; till *France* had Power
To chase him from his Throne; and should you wed
Beneath that Rank, (so much I am the *Spanish*;)
It were such Treason 'gainst our State of Honour,
As Love could never save, nor pity pardon.

Dutch. What shall I say to still this Tempest? More
I'll never marry.

Card. So most Widows say;
But commonly that Motion lasts no longer
Than till the Hour-glass turns:—The Fun'ral Sermon
And Vow of Continence end both together.

Ferd. Swear by our Father's Soul, you will not marry:
That, if you do, in Justice to our House,
He may solicit Heav'n for righteous Vengeance.

Dutch. Why must I swear? [Weeping.]

Ferd. Alas! Is it then too late?
Those guilty Tears proclaim, that your hot Blood,
And curs'd licentious Youth have steep'd to Frailty.

Dutch. Your Violence and Suspensions doubly wrong me:
By Virtue, and my Father's Soul, I swear,
I ne'er will marry more, till you command
And give me to a Husband.

Ferd.

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Ferd. Hold to that,

And be my worthy Sister. — I repent me
To've giv'n you cause of Tears; but tis a Dew,
May save a Show'r of Blood. Come, noble Brother;
Th' Imperial Letters call for our Dispatch.
Sister, your Vow is grav'n upon my Heart.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and Duke Ferdinand.*
Dutch. I'm sick o'th' sudden; would it were to Death!
For something here presages to my Soul,
My better Days are done. — Thy Hand, *Carriola*:
Support thy Mistress: and let some one bid
The Master of our Household strait attend us.

The Master! — There my throbbing Heart beats thick,
And my disemper'd Thoughts recoil with Dread.
What Tumult plays the Tyrant here within!
The Conflict is too strong; it bears me down.
My Bosom's one rough Sea, where varying Passions
Shift, as the Clouds their momentary Form:
Now Hope with Gleams of Sun-shine gilds the Storm:
The glancing Rays a-while the Gloom dispell,
And the shrunk Billows seem t'abate their Swell:
But soon the Sky grows blacker than before;
Comfort withdraws; again the Surges roar;
And mount, and dash me on the rocky Shore. [*Err.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *The Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter Bofola.

I'M here in double Trust; yet, to be faithful,
Must one way break my Faith; and leave the Path
Of simple Virtue, which was never made
To seem the Thing it is not. — The hot Duke
Bribes me with Gold to be his Spy o'th' Time;
And I, to earn that Bribe, Cameleon-like,
Must suck in Air, the Breath of Calumny:

A

A pestilent Vapour Princes Palaces
Are seldom purg'd of. — Then, the beauteous Dutchess,
Unknowing on what Grounds I'm planted here,
Gives me in Hope an Office to betray her.
And why this Task impos'd, but 'cause, forsooth,
She must not marry. — So th' ambitious Brothers,
For Reasons to themselves, have set it down.
Am I a Thing of Vice? Or is it Int'rest,
That fly seducing Fiend, is tam'ring here
To push fair Nature from her honest Byas?
The Duke approaches : — I must wear the Garb
Of seeming Mystery ; and cloath my Forehead
With the grave Shews of speculative Wisdom :
'Twill stamp Opinion of a Brain employ'd
On Themes of serious Moment.

Enter Duke Ferdinand.

Ferd. — Now, my Friend,
What, in your Contemplations? You are studying
The Art to grow at once a great wise Fellow.

Bos. Th' Opinion, Sir, of Wisdom in ourselves,
Like a foul Tetter, not restrain'd in Time,
Spreads o'er the Mass, and taints throughout with Folly.
I count it better to be simply honest,
Than over-subtly wise.

Ferd. 'Tis fairly spoken ;
And gives us large Assurance of your Trust.
You will observe our Sister ?

Bos. This Reminding
Comes o' the latest : Sir, e'er since I've been
A Guest in *Mass*'s Court, I have observ'd her.

Ferd. What think you of her ?

Bos. That she is a Woman.

Ferd. A Woman ! how !

Bos. That she is Flesh and Blood !
And not the Figure cut in Alabaster,
Kneels at her Husband's Tomb.

Ferd. — There's something more
Couch'd in this dark Reserve, than yet is utter'd.
I'll sound him to the Bottom. — Tho' our Sister
Is in her *May* of Youth, and her bright Eyes
Fling Darts pointed as Sun-beams, yet her Name

Fills

Fills Italy with the Praises of her Virtue.
So sold to Love, so temperate of Desires,
That she hath sworn to take no Second Lord,
Till I bestow her Hand.

Bos. Why then these Triumphs?
These Night-Assemblies, and expensive Revels?
A Vizard and a Mask are whispering Reeds
That ne'er were built for Goodness; By Retreats,
In which the Devil of Incontinence
Still plays at Hoodman-blind, and seems a Saint.
There, in disguis'd Variety of Courtship,
What cannot a neat Knaves with a smooth Tale
Make a young Dame believe?

Ferd. 'Tis true, her Wisdom

Should guard against such Fears, to stife Censure.
But what particular Court-Scandal reigns?

What say those Spirits, whose Eyes out-see the Lynx,
And whose fork'd Tongues out-hiss the Serpent's Envy?

Bos. Marry, they say, the once fantastick Scholar,
The grave *Adonis*, who was wont to study
How many Knots made rough th' *Herulean* Club;
And knew what Colour *Hector's* Beard was of;
Is now become the spruce fantastick Courtier:
Is read in Modes and Fashions, and takes out
Fresh Lectures from the School of modern Poppy.

Ferd. I have observ'd the splendour of his Garb:
But to what Cause is this gay Change assign'd?

Bos. For that, they say, he audits his Accounts
In 'royal Closet, where more Time is spent
Than plain Arithmetick, 'tis thought, requires.

Ferd. What say'st thou, Fellow?

Bos. Sir,

Ferd. What rare'rous Boldness
Dares breath such Thought?

Bos. That Poison was too rank,
You bad me, Sir, report what Censuremen said;
If it displeases, thank your own Enquiries.

Ferd. The lowdest Stand'rer, that e'er breath'd Abuse,
Came short of this; — 'Tis Blasphemy to Greatness.
And yet *Antio* late was made a Lord,
And Master of her Household. — Hear me, Sir,

On

On your Allegiance hear. — Devise some Means,
And instant, that with prosperous Secrecy,
May give Admittance to our Sister's Chamber.
I will not hear Denial.

Bos. May I ask,

How you intend t'employ it?

Ferd. Can you guess?

Bos. I'm doubtful in that Question.

Ferd. Do not ask then.

He, that can compass me, and know my Drifts,
Must boast an Angel's Gift, of reading Thoughts
By Intuition. — Why that scornful Smile?

Bos. I do not think so.

Ferd. What then do you think?

Bos. You're your own Chronicle too much, and grossly
Flatter your self.

Ferd. Give me thy Hand. — I thank thee.

I ne'er gave Pension but to Flatterers,

Till I knew thee. — The Marquis of Pescara —

I have to talk with him. Be not thou seen!

Anon I'd use thy Ear.

Enter Marquis of Pescara.

Pes. Health to your Grace.

Ferd. My good Lord Marquis.

Pes. I am sent to greet you

From my good Mistress, Sir, your virtuous Sister.

Ferd. You preface well! So dear I prize her Honour,

It warms me at the Heart to hear it mention'd;

And should she lose it, I am confident,

Though I lay gasping in a burning Fever,

The bare Report would strike me thro' with Cold

Piercing as *Alpine* snows.

Pes. My Lord, —

Ferd. — Your Pardon,

This Warmth, how'er mis-tim'd, may find *Excuse*

In a kind Brother's Zeal, — What says our Sister?

Pes. I have it in Command t'acquaint your Grace,

Such dear Regard she pays your late Request,

That she appoints *Daniel de Besola*

The Master of her Horse.

Ferd. Such swift Compliance,

T'oblige

To oblige me in the Man I wish'd preferr'd,
 Gives Warrant of her Love : And it shall live
 Fixt in my Mem'ry. — But, if I mistake not,
 This Post of Honour is one fav'rite Plume
 Pluck'd from *Antonio's* Crest : And Statesmen seldom
 At their own Cost can brook another's Rise.

Pesc. I dare to vouch, so well I know the Man,
Antonio will not harbour a Displeasure
 At what her Highness wills.

Ferd. Is he so good ?

Pesc. Ambition is in him a Passion only
 Express'd in Duty ; and his utmost Avarice,
 In ev'ry Office, is to make the Gains

Subservient to his Royal Mistress' Honour.
 He is a Man, were there nor Heav'n, nor Hell,
 That would be honest ; and serve Virtue, tho'
 He took no Wages of her.

Ferd. You best speak him.

A Patriot, whom few Courts can match in Praise.
 The Jewels, that give such Lustre to a Crown,
 Should still be worn in Sight.

Pesc. Our wise good Duthefs
 Lays herself out in Bounty on his Worth ;
 And thinks, she cannot shew'r Rewards so fast :
 As he deserves them.

Ferd. Yet I would not have her
 So prodigal, and wanton of her Grace,
 As to incur a wild invidious Censure.

Pesc. My Lord, —

Ferd. I do not speak, Sir, in Distrust,
 But as I wish. That Prince, who pays with Wisdom,
 Best serves his Servant. But you've heard, I guess,
 Our Brother Cardinal is to drop the Robe,
 And take the Coat of Mail. The Emp'ror's Wars
 Demand his Service ; and our Martial Pope
 Resigns him to the Field.

Pesc. His Eminence

Was once, 'tis said, a great and happy Soldier.

Ferd. He's of a daring Spirit, & Fortune woes
 The Heroe's Sword. If your fair Leisure serve,
 We'll spend some Conference on the bustling Times,
 And

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And scan this new-sprung War.

Peis. ——— I wait your Highness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Dutcheſs's Apartment.

Enter Dutcheſs and Cariola.

Dutch. My Boſom's much diſturb'd. — *Cariola,* and I
To thy known Secrecy I've giv'n in Truſt
More than my Life, my Fame. Heav'n's, your ſweet
For I am ſtray'd into a Wilderneſs ;
Where I ſhall find no Path, no friendly Clew,
To be my Guide.

Cari. The Heav'n's with watchful Care
Shall ſhow'r Protection on your wond'rous Goodneſs.
You've done an Act, for which the zealous Pray'rs
Of many a worthy and unbenesi'd Scholar
Shall bleſs your Name. The Virgins of your Land,
That have no Dowries, ſhall hope, your Example
Will raiſe 'em to rich Lords. Th' uncheeriſh'd Poets
Shall hence derive a Theme of freſh Renewn,
To thank you for't in Death ; and make your Grave
More rev'rend far than all the Council-Chambers
Of living Princes.

Dutch. Ceate theſe laſh Raptures !
For my pang'd Heart looks back on what I've done
With Doubt and Dread. As ſoldiers oft in Battles,
By apprehending Dangers, have achiev'd
Actions almoſt impoſſible to Reaſon ;
So I thro' Frights and Threatnings have aſſay'd
A dang'rous Venture.

Cari. What have you to fear,

But that your haughty Brothers may receive
The Tidings with a ſhort, but vain Diſpleaſure ?

Dutch. Alas ! That Term's too mild to ſpeak their
The Cardinal is fullen, ſtern, reſentful, [Paſſions.
Penſive in Wrath, and bears a ſtubborn Malice :
That, like a ling'ring Poiſon, lies conceal'd,
And kills at ſlow and unſuſpected Diſtance.

But the hot Duke, haſty and raſh as Fire,
Ponders not on Revenge ; but fierce, impetuous,
Kindles at once, and lays all waſte before him.
What have I not to fear, ſo rounded in ?

Cari.

And

Carri. Your Lord approaches: I may well be spared,
Better employ'd to guard against Surprise. *[Exit Carri.]*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. In Tears, my Prince? Heav'n avert the Omen!
Did the blest Sun shine with so bright a Ray
This Happy Morn, when you resign'd your Hand,
And made me Lord of all this Mine of Treasure?
To see his Evening Beams thus stain'd with Clouds,
And bursting Show'rs of manifold Sorrow?

Dutch. I've Cause of Grief.

Ant. Am I not then to fear,
That, like a rash and heedless Prodigal,
You've giv'n a Jewel of unvalued Price
With lavish Hands, and now repent your Bounty?

Dutch. I do, indeed, repent what I have done.

Ant. Fate, then hast done thy worst, to make me
At this unguarded Hour, when my fond Soul was rapt with Comfort, and imagin'd Transports.
Let the fierce Cardinal and *Cesabrias* Duke

Now plunge their Ponyards here, and break their Vows
Since I've offended you, 'tis fit I fall *[Goes out.]*
The Victim to their Wrath, their just Resentment.

Dutch. Alas, forgive me, good my Lord, 'tis I
That have offended, none you less than Wrong,
And scarce can hope your Pardon.

Ant. Wrong to me,

That am your abject Slave? That had no Worth,
But what your Goodness stamps; which now has rais'd me
To boast the Title of your wedded Husband?

Dutch. My wedded Husband.—There my Feet renew:
Trust it not to the Air in lowest Whisper,
Lest Heav'n should hear, and be provok'd to punish:
For I have sworn to my impetuous Brother, that
That I no more would wed.

Ant. When did you swear

So rash an Oath?

Dutch. Scarce have the Bands of Time
Yet chang'd the Hour, the guilty fatal Hour,
Which must record my Vow.

Ant. All yet is well.

You then were married; and, while I survive,
You cannot wed again. *Dutch.*

Dutch. But my Heart trembles,
To think, when this dread Secret shall be known,
What stern Reproaches I shall bear from them !
How virtuous Souls will start to hear it mention'd,
That, conscious of a mean dissembling Vow,
I basely dar'd prevaricate with Heaven.

Ant. Let not too nice a Fear thus rudely torture
Your tender Breat. Heaven shall absolve the Vow,
These tyrant Brothers had no Right t'extort !
And good Men call the Forces a virtuous Fraud,
Which Policy made just, t' avert the Storm
Of their ungovern'd Spleen.

Dutch. I'd fain believe !
But fear, you are a Confessor too partial !
Hiding my Trepass, like that bad Physician
Who loothes his Patient, when the Case is mortal,
And says, the Danger's past.

Ant. Esteem me rather
That good Physician, who is learn'd in Art
To cure the Quins of sickly Apprehension,
Which your mistaking Weakness thinks Disease.
Resume your Mirth, and greet th' approaching Time ;
See, friendly Evening has set in the Day,
And Hymn lights up every glistering Torch
To guide me to my joys.

Dutch. Forbear that Thought !
Till these tempestuous Guests have left us free
To safe Delights.

Ant. Not for the Wealth of India
Would I forego the Bridegroom's glorious Night.
Let me in this pretence to disobey you,
And claim my lawful Pow'r, — Your Ladies wait you !
Be gay, and hoodwink fly Suspicion's Eye.
When all is quiet, and the Court at Rest,
With faithful kind *Carols* for my Guide,
Beneath Night's Cover, take a happy Misd
Indulg'd in private Wealth, untrac'd and secret
I'll steal to visit the rich darling Stone,
Which ne'er must see the Day. Till then, this Kiss ;
And I bequeath you to the Guard of Angels.

[Leads the Doctors to the Door, and then goes off to
the opposite Side.]

SCENE

SCENE Changes to the Ante-chamber.

Enter D. Ferdinand, and Cardinal.
Card. This sudden and intemperate Rage of yours
 Will be too soon observ'd.

Ferd. I have this Night

Convers'd with Horrors, and am growing mad.

Card. I think no less. Beware your old Distemper,
 And qualify this Fury.

Ferd. — Shall our Blood,
 The Royal Blood of *Aragon* and *Castile*,
 Be foully tainted? — O we foolish Men,
 To trust our Honours in so frail a Bark
 As Women is: so slight, and all-unable
 To stem the calmest Weather!

Card. Be more plain:
 What is this Prodigy? Speak lower.

Ferd. Lower?

Why, 'tis not whisper'd now, but nois'd, and publish'd,
 As Servants do the Bounty of their Lords,
 Aloud, and with a covetous searching Eye,
 To mark who note them. — O, what Med'cine is there,
 Can purge this Choler? Here Disgrace is writ,
 To prompt my Memory; and here't shall stick,
 Till, in her bleeding Heart, Revenge finds Means
 To wipe it out.

Card. Why do you make your self
 So wild a Tempest?

Ferd. Would I could be one;
 That I might toss her Palace 'bout her Ears;
 Root up her goodly Forests; blast her Meads;
 And lay her gen'ral Territory as waste,
 As she hath done her Honours.

Card. Where's the Proof?
 Suspicion, that too oft outflies the Mark,
 Once found to err, gives up its credulous Trust
 To common Laughter.

Ferd. Must we then be last
 To scent her Infamy? And wait the Test,
 The dull Parade of fulsome Demonstration,
 Till Boys, more sensible, and less reserv'd,

Catch

Catch up, and spread the horrid Tale of Shame,
And hoot at our Dishonour !

Card. Still I say,
Where are the Proofs ?

Ferd. ——— Pregnant as vernal Buds,
And spreading to the Sun. Intelligence
Hath caught her in the Wind ; and prating Lacques
Make her Incontinence their Theme of Mirth.
Good, honest *Besola*, that is ashamed
To own, he knows the Rumour of her Lewdness,
Wraps it in Doubt ; speaks sparing, and at distance ;
As loth to wound our kindred Ears with Guilt
Too gross and palpable.

Card. Your Doubts then rise,

From *Besola*'s doubting to proclaim her guilty ?

Ferd. You would not have him tell me to my Face,
She is a Strumpet ! — Swift Confusion seize her !
The Wounds of Fame will not be heal'd by Balsam,
But desperate Physick ; Corrosives, and Fire,
To search 'em to the quick : for that's the Mean
To purge infected Blood, such Blood as hers ;
And make us found, and wholsom in her Cure.

Card. How idly Shews this Rage, which carries you,
As Men convey'd by Witches thro' the Air,
On violent Whirlwinds. Such intemp'rate Noise
Fitsly resembles deaf Men's shrill Discourse ;
Who talk aloud, thinking all other Men
To have their Imperfection.

Ferd. O, ——— your Pardon : ———
You have not then my Palsie ? I have known,
When Imputation of a Stain like this,
And on a Ground less tender, would have seiz'd
Your Constitution with the fev'rish Fit,
And shook your Passions.

Card. Yes, I can be angry,
As Reason bids me ; but there's not in Nature
A Thing, that makes Man so deform'd, so mean,
As doth intemp'rate Anger. School your self :
And suffer Judgment to direct Repentment.
If that inordinate and wanton Conduct
Calls down a Censure, the offended Church

Shall

Shall ask a strict Account.

Ferd. So I must study

A patient Discipline of Heart, to seem
The Thing I am not; and sit down content,
And think the Injuries of Honour fly'd
With sanctimonious Renance, forc'd Contrition,
And Chastisements of Form; while she survives,
Glowing with Infamy; to laugh at Pardon
So slightly purchas'd; and renew Damnation. [dist'd,

Cand. You teach me not. The holy Rods once brae,
The secular Pow'r succeeds; and we, as Brothers,
With general Warranty shall stand impow'r'd
To purge our House of Scandal.

Ferd. — There's some Comfort:

A Cordial Med'cine from a Brother's Hand,
To save me from the slow and lingering Poison.

But, oh! if she be foul, (as, sure, she is)

Pour yee a kinder Balm into my Wound;

And say, a Brother's Arm may strike the Blow.

Of Vengeance for the Church, and for our selves.

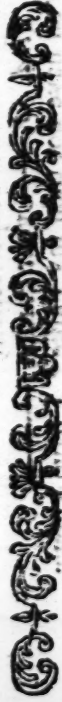
— 'Tis working here. — Retire; and with thy Coun-
Assist to methodize the noble Scheme. [sel

You, as Heav'n's Friend, this Province shall assume,

To dictate, and denounce the righteous Doom:

While *He*, his wrathful Minister, will stand,

Prepar'd to deal the Thunders, you command. [*Exe.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, an Antechamber.

Enter Antonio, and Cariola.

Cari. **T**WO Hours, and more, her Highness has re-

And is undrest.

Ant. The Presence empties slowly.

Cari. These Gallants teach our sober Court ill Hours,

Who are not wont to trespass thus on Night.

Ant.

Ant. They trespass on the Night, but more on me ;
Who, but for these their Revels, had ere this
Been obsid'd in an Embrace, that Kings might envy.
When all is quiet, I shall use thy Aid
To guide me to my Bliss. The Duke approaches : —
Be watchful, dearest Maid, to hear my Signal ;
For I must give it with a timely Hand.

Car. Doubt not my Care.

Ant. We must not now be seen.

Commend me to my Lords ; and say, how ill
The lingering Time forts with my fierce Impatience.

Enter D. Ferdinand, and Bosola.
[*Exit several.*]

Ferd. No more ; — If she be fall'n, nor Youth, nor
Can palliate the Offence. The fairest Form, [Beauty
Tainted with Guilt, shows like a Leprosie
The fouler for its Whiteness.

Bos. ~~What is she,~~ What is she,

As it has happ'd to others, should have had
Some Sorcery practise'd.

Ferd. Sorcery ! to what Purpose ?

Bos. To make her dance on some deserts's Fellow.
She shames t'acknowledge.

Ferd. Can your Faith give way.

To think there's Pow'r in Potions, or in Charms,
To make us love whether we will, or no ?

Such Notions are mere Galleries of Art,
Devis'd by cheating Mountebanks t'abuse us.

D'ye think, that Herbs, or Charms, can force the Will ?
Some Trials have been made in this fond Practice ;
But the Ingredients still were lenitive Poisons,

Prepared, and temper'd just to such a Force,

To make the Patients mad ; and strait the Witch

Swears by Equivocation, they're in Love.

The Witchcraft, *Bosola*, lies in her Blood ;

And I this Night will force Confession from her.

Bos. You shew such Feruor, and intemp'rant Heat,
I almost do repent me to have furnish'd

The Means for your Admission to her Chamber.

Ferd. Fear not my Conduct ; nor affect to grow

Too scrupulously wile : — Where is that Plan,

The

The Frenchman drew, for fortifying Naples? Go, fetch it straight; and see us in our Chamber.

Enter Cardinal, and Marquis of Peicara. [Exit Bosola.]

Not yet in Bed, Lord Cardinal? I begin To feel Sleep weigh upon me. Hear you, Brother; Ere Morning grows much elder, I've strong hopes To find some Doubts resolv'd. — Good Rest t'ye Both.

Pesc. Lights for the Duke.

Ferd. One thing I had forgot.

I would not wish yon *Bosola* yet to know Our Sister's kind Intentions, good Lord Marquess. Some Souls as ill can bear too swift Preferment, As others can Misfortune. — Once again, Good Night.

Pesc. I shall observe your Grace's Pleasure. [Exit D. Ferdinand.]

The Duke is of a hot and fiery Spirit.

Card. Heav'n grant, what you and others construe Have not a latent Fever to its Cause.

I doubt it much: and, to confess the Truth,

His Grace at times is strangely visited.

I would not for a Million, he should now Suffer Relapse.

Pesc. Pray, what is his Disease?

Card. A Frenzy, Sir, most pestilent of kind; With which when he's possess'd, there doth o'erflow Such melancholy Humour, he imagines

Himself to be transform'd into a Wolf:

Shuns all Resort of Men; howls fearfully;

And if not watch'd, would steal at deep of Night

To lone Church-yards, and dig dead Bodies up.

Pesc. Most dreadful Malady! — Poor Prince!

Card. And then, Sir,

All his Determinations and Attempts

Center in Blood. I fear, I fear, Lord Marquiss;

For Tempers so precipitate, and rash,

Are dangerous to Great Men. — 'Tis fit, in time

His Servants keep strict Watch. — My Lord *Pescara*,

I trespass on your Age: Night calls upon us.

Pesc. I'll wait upon your Grace.

Card. — I trouble you.

Pesc.

Pesc. My Duty's paid with Pleasure.

Card. — Good old Man!

[*Exeunt: The Cardinal laying his Hand on the Marquis of Pescara's Shoulder.*]

SCENE *changes to the Dutchess's Bed-Chamber; a Bed seen, and a Table with Tapers.*

The Dutchess sitting undress.

Dutch. How painful seems this Interval! One Hour

Moves slow and heavy as a Winter's Night.

Where Nights are longest. — I have strove in vain

By Reading to beguile the lazy Moments;

But my unsteady Eye, and roving Mind,

Like two impatient fullen Travellers,

Tho' bent the same way, get the Start by turns,

And will not keep each other Company.

I know not what I read. — What hideous Noise?

Sure, 'twas the melancholy Guest of Darkness,

The Night-bird scream'd: Or was it Fancy's Coinage?

When once the Soul's disturb'd, each little thing

Starts and alarms. — The Court's not yet at Rest,

Or he would come. — My Breast is like a House

With many Servants throng'd, unruly all,

And all employ'd on Tasks of different Natures.

Doubts, Perturbations, Thoughts of Self-Conviction,

Uncertain Wishes, and unquiet Longings,

Debate the Strife within. — I've heard it said,

Love mixt with Fear is sweetest: I'm, perhaps,

Too much a Coward, and that spoils the Relish.

Enter D. Ferdinand behind, with a Dagger, who first looks into the Bed, and then comes forward.

Ferd. My Snares are spread too soon; and the sly Bird
Is not yet pitch'd.

Dutch. Sure, 'tis his well-known Voice.

Ferd. That Start proclaims, I'm not the Guest expected.

Dutch. Indeed, your Visit, stol'n at this late Hour,
Gives me Surprise.

Ferd. This was my Father's Ponyard:

[*Throws the Dagger on the Table.*]

And I am loth it should be stain'd with Rust,
Cause it was his: — I'll give it you.

Dutch.

16 *The FATAL SECRET.*

Dutch. 'Tis welcome:

For whether I am doom'd to live, or die,
I can in both be princely.

Ferd. Die then quickly: —

Virtue, where art thou hid? Or is it true,
'Thou'rt but a Name, and no essential Being?

O most imperfect Light of human Reason,

That mak'st us so unhappy to foresee

What we can least prevent! Pursue thy Wishes,

And glory in 'em: There's in Shame no Comfort,

But to be past all Bounds, and Sense of Shame.

Dutch. I pray, Sir, hear me speak.

Ferd. What hideous thing

Is it, that doth eclipse thee? Thou wert bright,

And virtuous, to my Thought, as the cold Moon;

But thou hast stoop'd to lend some curst *Endymion*

Thy secret Midnight-kiss, and Shame has blotted

Thy Orb of Brightness out. — Thou art undone;

Disgrace is grown familiar with thy Fame,

And Rumour, who takes Pains to spread the Tale,

Tells it with Mock'ry.

Dutch. You're in this too strict,

And were you not my princely Brother, Sir,

I'd say, too wilful. — For my Reputation,

'Tis safe; and laughs at scandalous Calumny.

Ferd. Ha! Dost thou know what Reputation is,

That lives not in our selves, but others Breaths?

Hear me, mistaken Woman. — On a time,

'Tis said, that Reputation, Love, and Death

Would travel o'er the World; and 'twas propos'd,

That they should part, and take three several Ways.

Death told 'em, they should find him in great Battles,

Or Cities scourg'd with Plagues: Love gives 'em Counsel

'T'enquire for him 'mongst unambitious Shepherds,

Where Dowries were not talk'd of; and sometimes,

'Mongst quiet Kindred, that had nothing left

By their dead Parents: Stay, quoth Reputation,

Do not forsake me; for it is my Nature,

If once I part from any Man I meet,

I'm never found again. — And so for you,

Something is done, (would I could lose the Thought!)

By

By which you have shook Hands with Reputation,
And banish'd him for ever.

Dutch. Yet, Sir, hear me:

'Tis my Discomfort much, that I am fall'n
Beneath your Frown; but pains me to the Heart,
That what I have to plead in my Defence,
Must sink me deeper still in your Displeasure.

Ferd. Take heed how you do wound our Ears, I warn
With bold Confession of committed Guilt; [you,
Left Honour, justly row's'd at the Disgrace,
Drive Patience out, and push my Rage to somewhat
I may repent too late.

Dutch. Alas! I'm married:

That is th' Extent and Sum of my Offence.

Ferd. Married! — When? how! to whom? thou
perjur'd Creature.

Dutch. Add not that Aggravation to my Trespas,
I am not perjurd; but was then a Wife,

When I did vow that I no more would marry.

Ferd. Shameless, equivocating, vile Dissembler!

Dutch. I knew, 'twould move you: and because I fear'd

The Match might haply not be to your Liking,

I practis'd for your Ease: and therefore labour'd

To've had the Secret slept: but you've found Means

To pluck it from me. — Will you see my Husband?

Ferd. Yes, could I with the Basilisk change Eyes,

And blast him with a Glance.

Dutch. Sure, you came hither

By his Confed'racy?

Ferd. Do not make me mad.

The Howling of the Wolf, the Screech-owl's Yell
is Musick to thy Discords. — Pr'ythee, peace;
While yet I've Reason left. — And thou rash Thing,
Whate'er thou art, that hast enjoy'd my Sister,
For, I am sure, thou hear'st me!) for thine own sake
let me not know thee.

Dutch. Would I were dead!

Ferd. It is a Brother's Wish,
so you had dy'd before. Mark me, wild Woman;
if thou do wish thy Minion may grow old
in thy Embracements, I would have thee build

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such

28. *The FATAL SECRET.*

Such a Room for him, as our Anchorites
To holier Use inhabit: Let not the Sun
Shine on him, 'till he's dead; let Dogs and Monks
Only converse with him; and such dumb Things,
Whom Nature lends no Voice to found his Name.
Nay, if thou love him, cut out thine-own Tongue
Lest it betray him. — Fare you well at once:
I'll never see you more.

Dutch. Oh, do not say so.

Ferd. One Word, and I have done. If that your Husband
Propose this Night to taste of your Embrace,
Let him take heed his Pillow be not stuff'd
With Quills of Porcupines. —

[*As D. Ferdinand is going out, Antonio enters the Chamber, and meets him.*

Ha! Death and Furies!

What sawcy Slave, at this unhallow'd Hour,

Dares with licentious Steps press to your Chamber?

[*Draws his Sword.*

Dutch. Alas! What means my Brother?

Ferd. Ask thy Fame,

Thy prostituted Fame, and my wrong'd Love:

Ask him, who comes to violate thy Honour,

Or soil his own, as Pander to thy Riots.

Hold off, and give me way.

Dutch. No, first on me

Wreak your wild Fury; plunge into my Breast

Your thirsty Sword, if that will quench Resentment:

Dash me to Earth, and o'er my mangled Limbs

Pave out your horrid way to more fell Mischiefs.

Ant. Injurious Lord! In what have I deserv'd

Such Slander from your Lips?

Dutch. O, Peace, Antonio;

Throw not fresh Fuel on a raging Flame,

That blazes big with Ruin. — Do not struggle;

For while I've Life, I'll hang upon your Arm,

And stop your horrid Bent.

Ant. If I've offended,

Proclaim my Crime, and call me to the Question.

Is this a place for Brolls? A Lady's Chamber

Should be as sacred as the Shrines of Saints,

No Outrage would profane.

Ferd.

Ferd. — Hear you? — The Slave,
Bold in your ill-tim'd Fears, presumes to parley;
To bandy Words; and shackle my just Wrath
With cold Restraints, and liminary Cautions;
Urging the idle Sanctity of Place,
Always the-Plea of tame undaring Cowards.

Ant. Can I bear this? [*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]
Dutch. For Heav'n's sweet Love, forbear.

[*She quits Duke Ferdinand, and lays hold of Antonio.*]
Restrain this Frenzy. Is *Antonio* too
Combin'd against my Peace? — Think, 'tis my Brother;
And in that Thought o'erlook th'intemp'rate Insult.
Unless you're Both resolv'd thro' me to stamp
Your murthering Wounds in this unnatural Strife;
For meet you shall not, but in my Destruction.

Ant. Forgive my Rashness; all Resentment's charm'd;
And he shall kill me, ere I'll wake your Fears
So rudely to resist. — Ungen'rous Prince!
Wrong not your Mem'ry so, to think I dare not
Encounter the worst Danger of your Fary.
Remember *Nepht's* left, that fatal Field,
And the fierce *Gallat* King, when you lay vanquish'd;
Prostrate, and cowering from his brandish'd Sword;
Who then but I — this same, undaring Coward, —
Flew thro' the Press, confronted his wak'd Wrath,
'And (tho' I blush, that I must boast the Service)
Redeem'd you from the swift impending Stroke!
You had not else surviv'd to brave me thus.

Ferd. Curse on thy Tongue, for stirring that Remem-
Had I no other Cause of Rage, but this,
It is enough, and I could kill thee for't;
Did not some busy Rubborn Fiend within,
Honour, or foolish Pride, drag back my Arm;
And chain Resentment down. — Spight of my Spleen,
It must prevail. — I ow'd thee then a Life;
And, in Return, am pleas'd to spare thine now.
That Debt is paid. — I dare not trust my Spirit
To farther Talk. — Farewell; when next We meet,
A Coward's Infamy pursue my Name,
If Vengeance let thee scape! [*Exit Duke Ferdinand.*]

Dutch. Heav'n's, how I tremble!

C 3

Me-

Methinks, I stand as if beneath my Feet
A Mine were blowing up.

Ant. Repress these Fears.

How h's this Tempest shook thy tender Frame,
Oppress'd thy Sweets, and bow'd thee like a Flow'r
O'ercharg'd with Dews! — Too sure, we are betray'd.
How came he hither?

Dutch. That Gallery gave him Entrance,
Which still is strictly lock'd, and his Admission
Must be by Trench'ry.

Ant. Ha! What means this Dagger?

Dutch. He left this with me.

Ant. And, perhaps, did wish you
To use it on your self.

Dutch. Indeed, his Action
Seem'd to intend so much.

Ant. This hath a Handle,
As well as Point. Turn back its murth'ring Edge,
And purge him of that rank o'erflowing Gall,
Which poisons thus his Blood. What frantick Motive
Could prompt his savage Heart to wish, such Horror
Should reach your sacred Person?

Dutch. That I'm married,

Is all the Source, the Spring of his Repentment.

Ant. Why would you trust him with that fatal Secret?

Dutch. To wipe away Reproach, redeem my Honour,
(Which, like the Ermin, cannot brook a Stain;) |
And save me from a Strumpet's Infamy;

With which his barb'rous Tongue spar'd not to brand me.

Ant. Heav'n punish on his Soul th'injurious Slander!

I would, this terrible Thing would come again,

That, standing on my Guard, I might relate,

And justify my warrantable Love.

Dutch. 'Tis vain to hope, that Reason can prevail,

Where Madnefs is the Judge. Trust to no Pleas;

For tyrannous Malice will o'erthrow Defence.

We must provide for Safety, ere these Tygers

Put forth their Claws, and pluck us down to Ruine.

I know their savage Souls. —

Ant. Yield not to Fears,

Too tenderly conceiv'd. — The Princes Both

Will

Will smoothe their Brow of Hate.

Dutch. Like to calm-Weather
Which ushers in a Storm, false Hearts speak fair
To those they mean most Mischief.

Ant. Trust my Care :

To-morrow we will ward against these Dangers,
To Night's our own. O let not fierce Disquiet
Prophane the Transports of this sacred Night !
That is our Bridal Bed ; where *Hymen* waits
To bless the yet unfinished Rites of Joy.
There let me clasp thee to my longing Bosom,
And sooth the Tumults of thy Breast to Peace.

Dutch. It cannot be : Peace dwells not in that Couch :
While rude Suspicion, like the Tyrant's Sword,
Hangs trembling on a Thread too weak to hold it.

Enter Cariola, hastily.

Alas ! *Cariola*, whence that ghastly Look ?

Horror has fill'd thy Eye, and pale Affright
Sits on thy Cheek, and triumphs o'er its Freshness.

Cari. Full well these outward Symptoms of Affright
Express the Terrors of my lab'ring Soul.

I heard Prince *Ferdinand*, loud as the Sea
When Tempests drive it on our rocky Shore,
Call to his Servants ; bid 'em raise his Brother ;
Double his Guards ; says, 'Treason is on Foot :
Rav'd, with imperious Tone, my Lord, on you ;
Then cry'd, my Royal Mistress was undone,
And must no longer rule the State of *Malsy*.

Dutch. What say you now ? This is no distant Thunder ;
The Storm comes on, and gathers round our Heads.
Oh, if you would not see me dye before you,
Fly, ere this Tempest break.

Ant. What means my Love ?
You would not wish me, like a feeble Coward,
Fly, and leave you expos'd to all their Fury ?

Dutch. Harbour no Fears for me : I shall be here
Safe in my Power, and in my People's Love,
'Gainst aught their Malice dares. — Fly to *Ancona* ;
Hire for us there a House ; I'll soon send after
My Treasure and my Jewels : Faithful *Delio*
Make of our Council : He shall bring you Word

THE FATAL SECRET.

How things are carried here, till I can follow.
Best of my Life, away. —

Ant. I cannot stir.

Are these a Bridegroom's Joys? I feel it better
To stay and dye, than brook this Separation.

Dutch. Come, we must part. — This was our Seal of Love!
Be it the lasting Pledge! — Your Kiss is colder
Than that an *Anteboris*, meditating Death,
Gives to a senseless Skull.

Ant. Wonder not, Sweet:

Sorrow has sent each Spark of vital Warmth
To fortify my Heart: where the rich Flame
Burns on Love's Altar.

Dutch. We must make Dispatch.

Hold, take this Ring; which, when deliver'd back,
(As, use the speediest Means!) let its Return
Assure me of thy Safety. — Now, adieu!

Ant. I'm e'en like one, that in a Winter's Night
Takes a long Slumber o'er a dying Fire,
As loth to part from't, yet parts thence as cold,
As when he first sat down. My best *Carola*!
With tend'rst Services cheer thy mourning Mistress.
Adieu! — O spare these Agonies of Fondness!
If we do meet again, we'll meet in Comfort!
If not, I've this one Joy of dying Yours. [*Sw. Antea.*

Dutch. Farewell! — And oh, too much I fear, for ever!
But yet I and my Heart now move at ease.

Fate, do thy dreadful Pleasures! — Come, *Carola*,
Lead to my Closet; there I will be found!

And stand the Shock of these Barbarian Brothers:

Plea'd with my Ruine, so my virtuous Care

Redeem *Antea* from their murderous Frenzy.

Like some indulgent Mother, when she spies

A sudden Fire around her Dome arise,

And rushes thro' the Flood, intent to save

A darling Infant from the flaming Wave:

Tho' from her Fondness she her Fate denies,

She dyes with joy, to think the Babe survives. [*Exeunt.*

DIG

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter Antonio, and Delio, as Pilgrims.**Del.* S Tript of her Dukedom !*Ant.* Yes ; you see what Pow'r
Lightens in Great Men's Breath.*Del.* But by what Justice ?*Ant.* Question not that : The Justice of a Tyrant
Lies in his Will.*Del.* That Doctrine should instruct you
Not to trust Chance too deeply with your Safety.
What Mercy could you hope from these stern Brothers,
Were you discover'd, when their savage Hearts
Can treat a Sister with such unmatched Rigour ?*Ant.* Shall she be subject to their hated Fury,
Subject for me ! And shall I start at Danger,
To save a lingering Life, of no Account,

No Price, but as employ'd to succour her !

Del. For that dear Cause be careful of your Safety,
Think not, I counsel out of private Fear,
For I will second you in all Events :And howsoe'er you mean to square your Fortunes,
My Life keeps Rank with yours..*Ant.* My valued Friend !The credited Report that I am fled,
Blunts all Suspicion : And the Croud of Pilgrims,
That throng to visit now those hallow'd Relicks
Said to rest here, will help to make us pass
Safe, and unmark'd, beneath this holy Habit.*Del.* The haughty Cardinal. — See, he lifts the Nostril,
Like a foul Porc-pike snuffing up a Storm !*Ant.* And screws his Face into an envious Smile,
Boding Destruction ; like a deadly Canon,
That Lightens ere it smoaks ! Let's shun his Walk. —
What t

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What safe Conveyance, Fortune, wilt thou lend
To guide this Ring to our griev'd Dutcheſs' Hand?
Could I but ſee *Carlota*, I were happy! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cardinal, follow'd by Marquis's of Pescara.

Card. Why this importunate Complaint to me?
If theſe Proceedings wear the Face of Hardſhip,
Blame her dead Husband's Will; her own raſh Conduct;
That puſh'd her on to known and wilful Ruine:
And let not us ſtand charg'd with the Effects
Of Indifferenſe ſhe was warn'd to avoid.

Peſc. That ſhe by Marriage forfeits all Pretence
To Rule in *Maly*, is, we knew, preſcrib'd:
But to be made a Priſ'ner in her Palace,
Bar'd from Access, reſtrain'd like a Deſtinent,
Are Terms no dying Husband could propoſe;
No Law could warrant.

Card. Ha! take Heed, old Man,
How you provoke affronted Pow'r too far, [*vant!*]
Peſc. Your gracious Pardon, — I've been long her Ser-
vant; let that excuſe me. Were ſhe not your Siſter,
Yet ſhe's a Princeſs.

Card. — That's her Crime: She elſe,
At pleaſure, might have link'd her to a Beggar;
And coupled with him in a common Field,
Beneath the Hawthorn Hedge. — Ho! *Bofola*, there. —

Enter Bofola.

My Brother tells me, you're become more pliant,
And can obey Command. — What of *Antonio*?

Bof. Nothing; but, right to th' Faſhion of the World,
Slaves, that in ſate Proſperity of Fortune,
But to have waited on him, would have ſtoop'd
Their ſervile Necks to liſt him to his Saddle,
And follow'd at his Heels like the ring'd Bear;
Now rail with Freedom; and attack thoſe Virtues,
They, nor their Predeceſſors, ne'er had Share in.

Card. Spare theſe bold Comments, Sir. — Theſe to the
Duke,

To his own Hand committed with Diſpatch. [*Ex. Bol.*]
My Lord *Pefcara*, 'tis to be preſum'd
You've Treafure of our Siſter's in your Keeping:
We are content you hold it, till requir'd,

In our young Nephew's Right, who heirs her Dukedom.

[Exit Cardinal.]

Pess. And may he heir her Virtues ! — Art thou gone ?
proud scarlet Tyrant ! Would thy Years, young Duke,
Were more ; that with a Spirit, ripe to the Cause,
Thou might'st avenge thee of these bold Usurpers,
I know, he's sent for ! Posts are wing'd to Naples,
To press his Coming ! And I'll speed Dispatches
To *Flavia*, the good Tutor of his Youth,
That he may come, possess'd with Heart of Love
To heal a Mother's Grief. Heav'n deal her Comforts !
[Exit Marquis of Pescara.]

SCENE changes to a private Apartment in the
Palace. A Couch, with a Lamp burning.

The Duchess, sitting ; Carlota, waiting by her.

Carl. Depriv'd of Rule, — your household Train
dismiss'd,

Your Palace made your Prison, — quite shut out
From ev'ry Ray of Light, but that of one
Poor winking Lamp, whose languid Flame supplies
Beth Day and Night ; — and serv'd by surly Grooms,
That tend your Brothers Eyes ; — 'tis Tyranny,
That never, sure, was practis'd to this-Hour
On one of your Condition ! — Why thus mute ?
Grief and Resentment still are eas'd by Words.

Dutch. I am not mad yet, to my Cause of Sorrow.
Tho', to my Sense, the cō'ring Heav'n's seem made—
Of molten Brass ; and Earth's broad Surface glows
With flaming Sulphur ; yet I am not mad.
Necessity, *Carlota*, teaches Patience :

And, like the Gally-Slave chain'd to the Oar,

Sowr Misery and I shall grow acquainted :

To suffer constantly is much in Art,

And Custom-makes it easy. Come, sit thee down ;

Talk o'er some Tragedy of dismal Woe :

Of Lovers cross'd by Fate, and cruel Kindred,

That dy'd, ere they could meet.

Cari. Such Tales recounted

Would much encrease your Grief.

Dutch.

86 THE FATAL SECRET.

Dutch. Thou art deceiv'd;
To hear of greater Griefs, would lessen mine:
I can sound all the Depths of stern Afflictions;
This is a Prison. —

Cari. 'Tis indeed, at present:
But Heav'n's ere long, I trust, shall lend you Aid
To shake this Dunce off.

Dutch. Thou art a Fool;
The Nightingale, once cag'd, seldom returns
To warble to the Wood.

Cari. Pray, dry your Eyes,
And hope the best.

Dutch. What do I look like now?

Cari. Like to that beauteous Mock'ry of your self,
Your waken Image in the Gallery;

A deal of Life in Shew, but none in Practice.

Or, rather, like some rev'rend Monument,
Whose Ruins strike with Pity.

Dutch. Very proper: —

Antonio knows not yet what Fortune visits
His Mistress and his Wife; nor, if he did,

Could he redress it: and my Son's so young,

{Tho' they should suffer him to take the Dukedom,}

He'll have no Feeling of his Mother's Wrongs.

The Door unlocks: — Well, Friend, what would my
[Keepers?]

Enter Urbino.

Urb. All Comfort to your Grace! —

Dutch. I will have none.

Prythee, why do'st thou wrap thy poison'd Pills
In golden Language thus?

Urb. Your Brother, Madam,

Prince *Ferdinand*, in pity of your Sorrows,

Is come to visit you; and sends you word,

'Cause once he rashly made a solemn Vow

Never to see you more, he comes i'th' Night;

And prays you gently, neither Torch, nor Taper,

Shine in your Chamber: He expects, you give him

A private Audience: He will kiss your Hand

And reconcile himself; but for his Vow

He dares not see you.

Dutch. Say, he is obey'd:

When

When will his Highness come?

Urb. O' th' instant Moment.

Dutch. Takes hence the Light, and leave me to my self.

[*The Lamp is remov'd, and the Stage darken'd.*]

Carliola and Urbino go out.

Enter Duke Ferdinand.

I think, I hear his Tread.

Ferd. Where are you?

Dutch. Here, Sir.

Ferd. This Darkness suits, and pictures out your Fortune.

From what a Blaze of Glory, where you late

Inshrin'd a Wonder, has your hapless Conduct

Sunk you in Shade! It fares with erring Greatness,

As with that Vapour call'd a shooting Star;

Which, bright in Passage, yet, once fall'n, becomes

Unlustrous as the Earth with which it mixes.

Dutch. Alas! I feel my Fault, and find this Gloom,

Like to the sudden Darkness of a Storm,

Shew me my Danger. — But, my gracious Brother,

Make not my wilful Trespass your Discomfort:

But let th' Affliction, as the Punishment,

Fall singly on my self.

Ferd. — It cannot be:

You were the Sun, the Splendeur of our House,

And I, that like the foolish *Indian*, gaz'd

Almost with Adoration of your Brightness,

Am chill'd, and darken'd, by your fading Ray.

My Lustre is impair'd; my Tides sullied;

And the rude Finger of Contempt shall mark me

As Brother to the wanton, widow'd *Malfy*,

Who married with her Groom.

Dutch. Sure, that Reproach

Is of the bitt'rest.

Ferd. Come, no more of this.

I meant to seal my Peace: Approach yet nearer:

Where is your Hand?

Dutch. Here, Sir; but let me kneel,

And print a Kiss on yours of true Affection.

Ferd. Hold, you're too liberal in these Acts of Fondness.

Know, that your Son this Night arrives from *Naples*;

And, with the Morrow's Dawn, I'm for *Calabria*.

Here,

Here, wear this Ring; and keep it as the Warrant,
To judge how Time, and your repentant Sorrows
May help to work our farther Reconciliation.

Dutch. Now, Blessings on your Heart!
Ferd. Lights for the Dutcheſs ———

[*Duke Ferdinand ſings away; and enter Urbino
and Servants with Lights.*

Dutch. Dear Pledge of Peace! More welcome to me far
Than Pardon to a Wretch condemn'd: ——— Start, Eyes!
Leap from thy Seat at once, unſettling Senſe;
And inſtant Frenzy take up all my Brain!
What horrid Magick's bound in this dread Circle,
To ſhake me thus with Fears? ——— It is the Ring
I gave *Antonio*, when he parted from me.

Urb. It is; and he returns it, firm to Promiſe.
'Tis the laſt Legacy his falt'ring Tongue
Bequeath'd you at his Death.

Dutch. Diſtraction! Horror!

Thy Words are keen as Daggers to my Heart;
His Death! ——— O dear *Antonio*, art thou dead?

Has all my pious Care then been in vain,
To ſnatch thee from theſe fell Barbarians' Fury?
There is not betwixt Heav'n and Earth one Wiſh
I ſlay for now. ——— Say, wilt thou ſeek theſe Tygers,
And in a Siſter's Name implore one Grant,
Which I'll account as Mercy?

Urb. What's your Boon?

Dutch. That they would bind me to his lifeleſs Trunk,
Till I'm a Corſe, like him. ———

Urb. Leave this vain Sorrow:

Things, being at the Worſt, ſtill mend; the Bee,
That ſhoots his Sting into your Hand, may then
Play with your Eye-lid.

Dutch. Good, comfortable Fellow,
Perſwade a Wretch, that's broke upon the Wheel,
To liſten to a Cure.

Urb. Come, you muſt live.

Dutch. That's the worſt Torture Souls, ſure, feel in Hell,
In Hell, that they muſt live, and cannot dye.
Portia, thou *Roman* Matron, once renown'd,
Inſuſe me with thy Spirit; teach me to kindle

Thy

Thy virtuous Coals again ; and, swallow'ing Fire,
Revive thy rare, and almost dead Example
Of pure Connubial Faith. — What must I do ?

What boots it to complain ! Or, what to rage !

To curse those Stars, that govern human Fates,
And lent their Influence to promote such Horrors ?

Urb. Your Brothers may forgive, and yet grow kind.

Dutch. When Fiends relent, and study to grow pious.
Ye purple Plagues, whose Wings are charg'd with Bane
Potent to scatter mighty Desolation,

Swift as the Lightning's Flames, seize and consume them !
Let them, like Tyrants, never be remember'd

But for the Ills they've done ! Let all good Men

Forget 'em in their Pray'rs ! And Heav'n awhile

Cease crowning Martyrs, and give scope to Vengeance !
Go, howl 'em this. — More Tort'ers yet to plague me !

Enter Bosola, an Officer, and several disguised.

Bos. You've learnt at full the Tenour of your Orders,
And know this Signet. See, your strict Obedience
Answer the Limits of the great Command.

I stand accountant for your Charge and Safeties.

[Exit Bosola.]

Dutch. 'Twas *Bosola* : — my newest-favour'd Servants
Shrink from the Winter of my waining Fortunes,
And bask 'em in the Sun of Pow'r.

[Officer gives a Signal, and the disguised Persons go off.]
What art thou ?

That look'st so like the Demon of Despair,

And with the Wasture of thy Hand can'st chase
These petty Fiends ?

Offic. I'm come to make thy Tomb.

Dutch. Thy Office were most welcome, could I find
Nature give way to Grief. — But how my Tomb ?

Thou speak'st, as if I lay upon my Death-bed

Gasping for Breath : — Dost thou perceive me sick ?

Offic. Yes, and most dangerously ; since thy Sickneſs
Appears not to thy self.

Dutch. Know'st thou me, Friend ?

Offic. I do ; for one, to whom obsequious Crowds
Have bow'd at Distance, and rever'd thy Grandeur.

That makes thy Sleeps so broken : for know, that Glory,
Like

Like Glow-worms seeming Fires, far off shines bright,
But, closer view'd, has neither Heat nor Lustre.

Dutch. Thou'rt very plain.

Offic. My Bus'ness is to flatter
The Dead, not Living.

Dutch. And thou say'st, thou'rt come

To make my Tomb ! Methinks, I could be merry

On this glad Theme. — I pr'ythee, speak thy Office :

Tell me at full to what Effect may lead

This solemn Preparation ; this Discourse

Fit for a Charnel-house.

Offic. Let these inform thee.

[*Pointing to the Side of the Scene.*

There is a Present from your princely Brothers :

And may't arrive most welcome, for it brings

Last Benefit, last Sorrow.

Dutch. Ha ! A Coffin ?

And o'er it a rude Cord ? But 'tis most welcome :

What Princess, pain'd like me, should not be glad

Of such a peaceful Chamber to repose in ?

What is my Death ? And who are to dispatch me ?

Offic. Those Men are practis'd in the Trade of Death :

Ev'n as the Brothers of the *Ottoman* Throne,

Whose Lives are dreaded, you must dye by Strangling.

Dutch. They act but by Command, and I forgive 'em.

The Apoplexy, or the moist Catarrh,

Might do as much as they.

Offic. Doth not Death fright you ?

Dutch. Why should I be afraid to meet a Guest,

Whose Presence I so long for ?

Offic. — Yet, methinks,

The Manner of your Death should much affect you.

This Cord should terrify you.

Dutch. Not i'th' least.

For Heav'n sake, any way, so once 'twere done.

When is the Hour appointed ?

Offic. Now : No Respite.

Dutch. 'Tis well : — A Sigh, or two, sent up with Hope,

Must seal my Peace. I have no Will to make :

'T'oo many a hungry Guest has fed upon me,

And left me little to bestow. My Women

Must

Must be content to share a poor Reverſion.
Now, when you pleaſe. —

Offic. You muſt remove from hence :

And expiate there your Crime, where 'twas committed.
Your Bed-chamber is nam'd your Place of Doom.

Dutch. Muſt it then have that Show of ſpecious Juſtice ?

O dear *Antonio*, let thy hov'ring Spirit

Wait to receive me ! Come, thou violent Death,

Serve for *Mandragora* to make me ſleep,

For I am much o'erwatch'd. — When I am dead,

My vengeful Brothers then may ſleep in Quiet.

Lead to my Bridal-room : — Heav'n's guard my Son !

I come, *Antonio* ! The relenting Tyrants,

That parted us awhile, kind in their Rage

Prepare to join us in eternal Wedlock.

I'm thine for ever now. —

[*Exit Dutchess ; Officer following.*]

Enter Duke Ferdinand.

Ferd. O ſacred Innocence, that ſweetly ſleeps

On Turtles' Feathers ; whiſt a guilty Conſcience

Makes all our Slumbers worſe than ſew'riſh Dreams,

When only monſtrous Forms diſturb the Brain.

'Tis a black Register, wherein are writ

All our good Deeds and bad : A Perſpective,

That ſhews us Hell more horrid than Divines,

Or Poets, know to paint it. — Hark ! what Noiſe ?

The Screams of Women, ever and anon,

Ring thro' my Ears ; ſhrill as the Ories they ſend,

When the ſtern Murth'rer takes 'em unprepar'd. —

A thouſand fancied Horrors ſhake my Soul,

E'er ſince I diſtated this Deed of Slaughter.

There is no written Evidence to proclaim

My Order ; and muſt coward Apprehenſion

Give it a Tongue ! — The Element of Water

Drops from the Clouds, and ſinks into the Earth ;

But Blood flies upward, and bedews the Heav'ns. —

The Wolf ſhall find her Grave, and ſcrape it up,

Not to devour the Corſe, but to diſcover

The horrid Murther. — Shall I let her live ?

What ſays Revenge to that ? Or what ſays Nature ?

Reſentment whiſpers Treason ſtill to Virtue !

And,

And, to repent us of a blameful Purpose,
Is manly pious Sorrow. — She shall live.

[*As the Duke is going out, enter Bofola.*
Where is my Sister?

Bos. She's what you would have her.

Ferd. I say, where is she? I would see my Sister.

Bos. Set wide those folding Doors. — There fix your Eye.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers the Dutchess
in her Coffin. The Cord lying upon it.*

Ferd. Ha! Thou too fatally obedient Traytor!

Is she then dead? Is Mercy sprung too late?

Cover her Face; my Eyes begin to dazzle.

Bos. What, do you weep? Does Constancy now shrink?

Where were these Show'rs of penitent Remorse,

While she was living?

Ferd. She and I were Twins:

And dear Affection, from our earliest Years,

Grew, as we ripen'd. — Wherefore did'st not thou

Show Pity? What an excellent honest Man

Might'st thou have been, if thou had'st spar'd her Youth?

If thou had'st borne her to some Sanctuary?

Or, bold in a good Cause, oppos'd thy self

With thy advanced Sword above thy Head,

Between her Innocence, and my Revenge?

I bad thee, when I was not found of Wits,

Go kill my dearest Friend; and thou hast done't:

And now (as we observe in Tragedies,

That a good Actor many times is curs'd

For playing a Villain's part;) I hate thee for't. —

Bos. I prophesied as much; and did expect you.

To fall into Ingratitude: — but first

I challenge the Reward due to my Service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee what I'll give thee.

Bos. Do.

Ferd. — I'll give thee

A Pardon for this Murder: —

Bos. — Ha! A Pardon!

Ferd. And 'tis the largest Bounty I can shew thee.

By what Authority did'st thou execute

This

This bloody Service?

Bos. Was it not by yours?

Ferd. By mine? What Pow'r had I? Was I her Judge?

Did any Ceremonial Form of Law

Doom, or deliver her Conviction up?

Where shalt thou find this Judgment registred,

Unlefs in Hell? — See, thou rash Thing of Blood,

Thou'st forfeited thy Life, and thou shalt die for't.

Bos. When I resolv'd t'obey your savage Orders,
I held Death at Defiance: — I can die:

But first reward my Service.

Ferd. — You're a Villain.

Bos. When your Ingratitude is Judge, I am so.

Ferd. See me no more: — Avaunt!

Bos. Why, fare thee well.

Your Brother and your self are worthy Men.

You have a Pair of Hearts, are hollow Graves,

Rotten, and rotting others; and your Vengeance

Flies, like chain'd Bullets, link'd in Execution.

You're two, whom Sympathy of Soul proclaims

Brothers in Cruelty. — Fool that I was!

I serv'd your Tyranny, and rather strove

To satisfy your Will, than all the World.

And tho' I leath'd the Evil, yet I lov'd

You that did counsel it. — I'm fairly quitted.

Who taints his Honesty t'oblige a Prince,

Deserves such Payment. Fare you well for ever. [*Going.*]

Ferd. Stay, *Bosola*, come back. — Forgive my Rash-

ness:

The Tempest of my Grief whirl'd me so high,

My Sight grew giddy, and had lost thy Friendship.

I now recover; and perceive at large

The Dearness of thy Love thro' this strong Trial.

When I am wayward, think, my Disposition

Is out of Tune — We must employ you farther.

Bos. What Sacrifice is next?

Ferd. You do mistake

The Tenor of our Will. This slaughter'd Body

Must privately be lodg'd i' th' royal Vault,

Where *Mally's* Princes sleep in long Succession.

My Brother and my self will have it bruited,

She

She dy'd of some Infection which inforc'd
Such swift Interment: That will stop all Question.
See it perform'd with Secrecy and Speed.

Bes. Doubt not my Care: I am embark'd so far,
That to be secret now imports my Safety.

This Penitence comes too sudden, yet to trust it. [*Aside.*
Exit Bolea.

Ferd. That Storm is quieted: but how to hush
The Tempest beating here, what Art can teach me?
What was the Meanness of her Match to me,
Or how my Honour hurt by't? Foolish Pride!
What would I give, could I recall this Hour?
I would not change my former Peace of Conscience
For all the World's best Treasures. — Broods of Vipers
Are gnawing round my Heart — They'll tear a Passage,
And shew that Bed of Filth, first gave 'em Birth. —
Lend me thy Mask, Hypocrite, to cover
The Horrors of Offence beneath the Visage
Of pious Semblance; that when, unawares,
A Sigh breaks forth, or gushing Tears are spilt,
The World may read my Sorrow, not my Guilt. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Marquis of Pescara and Flavio.

Ref. **T**HUS come you, *Flavio*, to a mourning State,
Opprest with Wee, and unexpected Ruin.

Flav. Dead, and no previous Symptoms of Decay!
No Warning, to proclaim the Shock of Nature!

In the full Strength and Vigour of her Youth!
The secret of her Marriage just disclos'd!

And she, on Celour and Pretence of State,
Made Pris'ner at her cruel Brothers' Instance!
These Circumstances join'd awake Suspicions,
That fright my lab'ring Thoughts.

Ref.

Peſc. Indeed, good *Flavia*,

'Tis ſtrange ; and Things are carried all in Clouds :
None daring to enquire, or ſift Events.

The Women of her Chamber ſtand confin'd
On Dreams, and Shadows of aſſeſſed Doubts
Raiſ'd up by *Beſola*, the Maſter-Engine,
And Agent in theſe foul complotted Miſchiefs.
Heav'n ſhield their Innocence from ſubtle Practice,
For, much I fear, the Traia is laid to catch them !

Flav. I hope, our Royal Maſter, now arriv'd,
Will prove the Means to check pernicious Counſels.

Peſc. How has the tender Prince receiv'd the News
Of his dead Mother ?

Flav. With ſo deep a Sorrow,

As hardly has been ſeen in one ſo young.

For, while the Nobles preſs with eager Haſte
To gratulate his Succeſſion to the Dukedom,
He gently puts 'em off, and turns his Head

Away to weep ; then cries, " Unhappy Mother !

" Theſe are thy Rites. — Inhuman, barbarous Uncles !

" Let me be baniſh'd ; turn me out to Deſerts ; [them r-

" So I may but decline their dreadful Preſence.

Peſc. What Heart of Loyalty could with his Youth

Such ſavage Guardians ! — Heav'n, in its good time,

I truſt, ſhall bring to Light their hideous Treasons.

For *Ferdinand* already (the juſt Pow'r

Expound the Cauſe !) is ſeti'd with fearful Preſſay !

Off the Reſult of foul upbraiding Conſcience.

See, he moves this Way ! let's retire, unſeen ;

And mark the Working of his troubled Spirit.

[*They retire.*

Enter D. Ferdinand, follow'd by Urbino.

Urb. Why does your Grace deſpiſe our proffer'd Duty,

Chuſing this irkſome ſolitude ?

Ferd. Go, leave me.

Princes, like Eagles, ſhould fly alone ;

While Crows, and Daws, and ſimple chattering Starlings

Darken the Air, and flock for Fools to gaze at.

Look ! What's That follows me ?

Urb. Nothing, my Lord.

Ferd.

Ferd. Thou ly'st : 'tis there.

Urb. 'Tis nothing but your Shadow.

Ferd. Let it not haunt me ; — On your Allegiance, stay
[sit.

Urb. What means your Grace ?

Ferd. Why should a single Man

Be pester'd with two Shadows ? Is't not enough,

The sportive Sun, in Mock'ry of our Beings,

Reflects the Image of our outward Substance ;

But o'er-officious Mem'ry too within

Must light the Torch of Conscience, to present us

A Shadow of our Minds ! — Blot out the Spectre !

Get me a Cloud dipt in *Egyptian* Darkness,

Thro' which Reflection's Eye can find no Passage.

Urb. Alas ! my Lord,

Collect your Soul ! Let not disemper'd Wildness

Prey on the nobler Faculties within,

And hurt your Mind. This feverish Rage, indulg'd,

Will scatter Reason, as doth the Autumn Blast

The Leaf new-falln.

Ferd. Why wilt thou trouble me,

When I am deep employ'd ? — I'm studying here

The Art of Patience.

Urb. 'Tis a noble Virtue.

Ferd. I have been tax'd of Rashness, and I'll mend it
With some Exploit of Proof. — I've heard, that Sufa
France

Can wear out the rude Wounds of Calumny ;

Who would not then inferre his Spirit to turn

A patient Cheek to the Affronts of Time,

And ask Forgiveness of th' upbraiding World ;

So mild Submission may erase Reproach,

And blanch us into Virtue ? — What say'st thou to it ?

Urb. Alas ! my Lord, I know not what to say.

Ferd. When I've done that, I'll hew my Monument

From Rocks of solid Adamant, and rear it

High as the boasted Pyramid of *Memphis*. —

My Sister ? — What of her ?

Urb. — I nam'd her not.

Ferd. No, do not ; if you should, she cannot hear you.

What I have done, I've done ; I'll not confess : — The

The Sun is in the Dogstar; and my Eyes
Are cruel sore: their Moisture burns me up.

[*Draws out his Handkerchief, and drops a Paper.*
Urb. Heav'n ease this 'Torture!

Ferd. Is there a Pow'r in cold *Nonacrian* Springs
To ease this Scorching? — Say'st thou? A Physician?
I will have none! Physicians are like Kings,
'They brook no Contradiction.' — Then, their Trade
Is with our Infolde! — No! I'll not be search'd;
I'll keep the secret Malady to my self,
And dye by peace-meal first.

[*Exit Duke Ferdinand; Urbino follows.*

Marquiss of Pescara, and Flavio come forward.

Pesc. What think you, *Flavio*? These unruly Starts
Speak not th' Affection of disorder'd Blood,
But a distemper'd Mind; whose violent Workings
Sicken the Frame. — Did he not drop some paper?
Flav. 'Tis here; a Letter, and address'd to him.

Pesc. It is the Cardinal of *Avignon*'s Hand.
I am not ever curious; But to this
Reason most strongly prompts: And Ceremony
May be dispens'd with well, on our Suspitions.

[*Reading the Letter.*

TO let her live in an indolent Neglect of her Infamy, is
to probing our own Scandal: Were she once dispatch'd,
the Memory of her Indiscretion, and our Reproach, will
drop together: If your Determinations are but steady, Be-
sela depends on your Countenance, and may be trusted with
the Enterprise.

My Grief o'erflows my Eyes: — O Royal Lady!
Wert thou then butcher'd by these ruthless Tyrants?
Was it for this, thy dear Remains are thus
Huddled to Earth in close Obscurity?
Was this the fear'd Contagion? — 'Tis, indeed,
A Malady that may be catching to us.
Heav'n keep it from the Prince!
Flav. What's to be done?

I stand amaz'd, and lost in Conternation.

Pesc. Such Villainy could not sleep. This hated Scroll
Forthwith shall be produc'd ; and something done
To lay these Monsters open to the World :

Then, for Revenge : Which, if the publick Sword

Of Justice will not grant, the weakest Arm

Is strong enough that strikes in such a Cause.

Behold this Man of Blood. — See, how he bears him

Elate, and fearless in his covert Guilt !

We meet not, Cardinal, till it is my Cue

To drag this hated Murther up to Light ;

And tell thee to thy Teeth, thou didst suborn it.

[*Exeunt Marquis of Pescara, and Flavio.*]

Enter Cardinal with Carlos, Julio, and Rodriguez,
three Servants.

Card. Pescara saw me, sure ; and scowl'd at parting
With Eyes of Scorn, and insolent Defiance.

Carlos, and Julio, send Enquiries out

To learn how near our Nephew makes Approach ;

And with what Train conducted to the Palace.

[*Exeunt Carlos and Julio.*]

Rodriguez ho ! — Let none, upon your Life,

Have Conference with our Brother *Ferdinand*,

Unless I know it. Princes, in their Weakness,

Descend to common Men ; and should be then

Secur'd from vulgar Eyes. — [*Exit Rodriguez.*]

In this Distraction

He might reveal the Murther ; and my Name

Be question'd for a Deed, which I could wish

The World should never hear of. — There are

Medicines

To charm suspicious Tongues ; and I must physick

Some yet to Rest, that I may sleep in Safety.

Ha ! *Besola* ? — This Fellow must not know,

I had Intelligence in our Sister's Death ;

For tho' I counsel'd it, his Hand was used

By *Ferdinand's* Command. — Now, Sir, your
Business ?

Enter

Enter Befols.

Bef. To find a Great Man in his Wits, and willing
To recompense my Service.

Card. You are ever
Pressing your good Deserts. How fares our Sister?
How does she brook Restraint, unwill'd, but needful?

Indeed, I pity her: and she shall now
Taste Comfort from us: Why do you look so wildly?

Bef. Why do you use this poor, this priestly, Dawbling?
And vainly strive to lay fair marble Colours
O'er rotten Purposes, to me who know them?

Card. Infelent Slave! I'll have thee hevn in pieces.

Bef. Make not your self the Promise of a Life,
That's not in your Dispose. ——— You know, she's
dead;

You know, you counsel'd it; and Me the Agent.
Your politick Brother, who engag'd my Service,
Shew'd your Commission for't.

Card. Ha! — Then, I find,
You know me for your Fellow-Murtherer:
And we're concern'd in mutual Regard
To keep each other's Counsel. ——— For the Dutcheis,
'Tis meet, she be interr'd with private Speed;
Ere busy Sycophants buz about the Prince,
And taint his youthful Ear with wild Surmises.

Bef. I know my Charge, and want not to be tutor'd.

Card. Be not too peremptory. — Learn to think

The shatter'd Fortune of the Duke, your Master.

A frail Dependence: and 'twere little Wisdom

To build on a Foundation sapp'd, and sinking.

I've but one thing to wish, which say thou'lt forward,

And tho' a Tombstone hid our Brother's Bones,

Rely on me, and study thy Advancement.

Bef. Give it me in a Breath.

Card. 'Tis this: ——— *Antonio,*

Thou'st heard, is fled, and lurks obscure: *Use* means

To wind into the Knowledge of his Haunts.

Where'er he comes, be sure, our Names are mix'd

D

With

With boldest Slanders: And while he survives,
We draw our Breath in Peril. — Think upon't:

See me anon: and if thou wilt provide
Against this Danger, do it, and be happy. [Ex. Card,

Bos. This Fellow, sure, breeds Basilisks in his Eyes:
He's nothing else but Murder. For the Hire

Of both their Dukedoms, I'd not be the Villain

This Pair of Brothers think me. — *Poor Antonio!*

Thou'rt mark'd for Death. The' nothing be so needful
To thy lost State, as Pity: yet I find

Nothing so dang'rous: — But, howe'er, I'll seek thee:

And make it, if thou dar'st be found, my Care

To put thee into Safety from the Reach

Of these most cruel Tygers. — Seldom, Virtue,

Hast thou made Guilt a Tray'tress to herself;

Or taught the Horrors of her monstrous Village

To scare resolv'd Offence to pious Pity. [Ex. Bosola.

SCENE changes to a Prospect of ruinous Monuments.

Enter Antonio and Dello, as Pilgrims.

Ant. The Moon but ill bestrands us: yet, I think,
We cannot miss the Way.

Del. Why will you tread
These Paths of Death? — I am not superstitious:

But I have Bodings here about my Heart,

Which are not merely of the Woman's Strain.

To see her Obsequies, may move your Sorrows

To throw-out some Extraneous importing Danger.

Ant. Fear not: I've that Philosophy about me,

Which teaches, Sorrow cannot bring her back,

Would, it would 'bear me to her! — I am arm'd

Strong in Despair to tempt Fate's utmost Malice:

And something of Divinity drives me on,

To what Event I know not. — 'Tis no matter;

For to live thus, is not, indeed, to live:

But is the Mock'ry and Abuse of Life.

Del.

Des. We do approach the Monument ; for, I think,
By the uncertain Gleams of Light, before us
I see the Cloyster of the ruin'd Abbey.

Ant. All's hush :—I once did love these ancient Ruines ;
We never tread upon 'em, but we set
Our Foot upon some rev'rend History.

And, questionless, here in this open Court,
(Which now lyes naked to the Injuries
Of stormy Weather, and unsparring Time ;)

Some lye interr'd, who lov'd the Church so well,
And gave so largely to't, they vainly thought,
It should have canopied their Bones till Dooms-day.
But all Things have their End : Churches and Cities,
Which have Diseases like to Men, must have
Like Death that We have.

Des. Let me yet prevail,

Ere Desperation urge some fatal Act,
To lead you from this waste and dreary Vale.

Ant. In Friendship's Name, forbear ! For I am bent
Against Periwashon's Voice, resolv'd of Purpose.
Away ! ——— Methought, I heard the Tread of Feet ;
Lead to the Monument ! There we'll stand conceal'd,
And, patient, wait the Issue.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Dello.*]

SCENE changes to the Royal Monument.

Enter Bosola.

Des. The Moon has veil'd her Face ; and scarce a Star
Peers thro' the Clouds : ——— What Glare of thickning
Tapers

Shoots thwarting thro' the Palace ? ——— The young
Duke

Is circled in that Blaze of Light. ——— These Brothers
Will think me tardy in the Funeral Rites,

They press with such Dispatch. ——— 'Twas base Dis-
trust,

To hide the Honours their good Sister meant me ;
And I am justified.

D 2

Enter

Enter Duke Ferdinand.

Ferd. — I've reap'd the Hold
Of these observant slaves. — They would have made me
A Pris'ner like our Sister.

Duc. Ha! what Voice!

Ferd. Where is this *Duke*? I do agree to't.
Yes! Strangling is a very quiet Death,
And let it be I'll be Dark.

Duc. Is that my Payment!

It is the Cardinal; and my Death is plotted:

It then behoves, I make prevention sure;

And snatch Protection 'gainst their murder'ous Malice.

[*Exit Bosola.*]

Ferd. It is the Villain's Tongue. — O injured Sister,
If 'twill in part appease thy Shade, behold me
Begin the Expiation of thy Blood
With this just Sacrifice. Where is the Traitor?

[*Draws his Dagger.*]

Enter Cardinal.

Card. Where can his Frenzy lead him! Were he dead,
And the dread Secret safe, I might taste Peace,
Which Guilt and Fear forbid. What Shadow's that?

It comes upon me. Speak, what Phantom art thou?

Ferd. What! have I caught thee? Slave, thou kill'd'st
my Sister,

And hast undone my Soul. Take thy Reward.

[*Stabs the Cardinal.*]

Card. Stay yet thy deadly Arm, mistaken Wretch!

I am but hurt: Thy Brother! —

Ferd. Ha! the Devil!

My Brother fight upon the adverse Party!

Villain, that Eye ensures thy Death. [*Stabs him again.*]

Card. Nay then

I will not fall alone. Take That in Answer,

Thou rash and fatal Madman.

[*The Cardinal in the Scuffle snatches the Dagger, and
wounds Ferdinand.*]

Ferd. Oh! I'm shot:

A

A Bolt of Ice glides thro' my Bowels. Quick,
Brace on my Armour; give th' Alarm: I feel
An Ague-fit upon me! The keen Air
Pierces me through, and takes away my Breath.
O Cardinal, too late I know thee now;
We Both have been to blame, and Heav'n has reach'd us.
Man's but the Tennis-ball of Fate, and bandy'd
Which way it pleases. — Had we rul'd our Passions,
We might have 'scap'd this Overthrow: but now, —
I'm wond'rous sick, and giddy. Where's your Hand?
Give me your Pardon, and good Night for ever. [*Dies.*]
Card. I follow thee. — Accurst Event of Chance!

Am I thus shrunk from all my big-blown Hopes?
Must I, who stood like a huge Pymid,
Begun upon a large and ample Base,
End in a little Point, a kind of Nothing?
Out, thou vain Life! In all our Quest of Greatness,
Like wanton Boys, whose Pastime is their Toil,
We chase gay glittering Bubbles; which, when grasp'd,
Melt in the Touch, and show the Cheat of Glory.

*Enter Marquis of Pescara, attended; Servants with
Tapers.*

Pesc. Amazement to my Eyes! Alas, how happen'd
This Havock?

Card. — In a Mist; I know not how:
Such a Mistake, as has the Stream of Vengeance
Push'd from it's Course, and turn'd it on ourselves.
Your Torch offends my Sight; your Presence more;
If you have so much Charity, think, this Web
Was wove by Fate; and we are wound i'th' Snare,
Because, 'twas will'd of Old, it should be so.
Then, — but I go to prove the doubtful Question.

[*Dies.*]
Pesc. Sullen, and impious to the Last! — Ye Powers,
How swift your Ways, how intricately just!

Enter the young Duke of Malfy, Flavio, and Attendants.
O Sir, this is, indeed, the Seat of Death:
And you must arm your Breast to meet a Scene —

Of unexpected Horror. — Both your Uncles
Lye bath'd in Blood, their Wounds yet fleshily streaming.
And, as it seems, giv'n by each other's Hands.

Duke. Dreadful, as strange ! I fear'd to see them
living,

And Nature bids me grieve to see them dead.

Peſc. Remove the Bodies : — Trust me, Sacred Sir,
They are not worth your Tears.

Duke. When I reflect,

How they have robb'd me of a Mother's Welcome,
I think so too. — 'Tis *Flavia's* Lesson to me,

That wicked Great Men, dying, are like those

Who fall in Frosts, and leave their Print in Snow :

The first hot Gleam of Sun-shine ever melts

Both Form and Matter.

Peſc. — Prettily remember'd !

Flav. Your Highness is an apt and faithful Scholar.

Duke. I would not wish you grow the Flatt'rer, *Flavia* ;
Lest this too early Change of Fortune make me
A Truant to Instruction.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. So please your Highness, *Bosola* is taken :
With him two Pilgrims, who were apprehended
Lurking behind the Tomb.

Peſc. 'Tis well : produce them.

Wrench ope the Monument. Thanks to the Heav'ns,
The Agent of their Villainy yet is ours.

[*As the Tomb is going to be open'd, Bosola, Antonio,*

and Delio are brought in under Guard.

Bos. Prophane not, Sirs, this venerable Pile,
Your Toil were vain ; the Dutchesa is not there.

Peſc. What Aftergame of Mischief ? Was she not
Borne from her Palace at a dusky Hour,
Obscurely coffin'd ?

Bos. No ; in that I cheated

Her credulous Brother with a waxen Image :

That beauteous Waxen Image so admir'd,

Fram'd by *Vincenzo di Laureola,*

When her Grace married first.

Peſc.

Pes. Ha! say, thou Cattle,
 Ere Tortures force, where's then the Body lodg'd.

Bos. I answer not to thy Reproach, old Man;
 But to my Liege. I claim your Grace's Pardon,
 And will produce the Body.

Pes. Frontless Traytor!
 Pardon a sacrilegious Murderer!

Duke. Do aught that can deserve our Clemency,
 Then make thy Claim.

Bos. I trust your princely Word. *[Exit Bosola.]*

Pes. Follow him close at Heel, and guard him back;
 He dares not for his Life produce the Body:
 Here is too black a Voucher of his Guilt.

Duke. Why weeps yon Pilgrim for? He stands not
 charg'd

As Party in their Crimes: And, to my Thought,
 His Face pleads strongly for his Innocence.
 Why dost thou weep?

Ant. I am a Man of Sorrows,

So please your Grace: Dead to all worldly Comfort,
 But what I taste in Tears. — My hapless Story
 Is little worthy of your princely Ears;
 And would be buried with my self in Silence.

Pes. What Shouts of Joy are these, that rend the Air?
 Again, a nearer Sound. — Oh, look, my Liege:
 By my best Hopes, my Royal Mistress lives:
 O virtuous *Bosola*!

Ant. ——— Amazing Transport!

[Enter Bosola, follow'd by the Dutcheß, Cariola, and Attendants in Mourning. The Young Duke runs, and embraces her.]

Duke. My Mother! O, what Words can speak my
 Joy?

Let my Tears answer for my Heart's big Pleasure.
 What Miracle has giv'n you back to Life?

Dutch. This Man, appointed to my Death, preserv'd
 me. *[To Bosola, who kneels.]*

Duke. O think, what Honours can requite thy Virtue.

Dutch. Preserv'd me from a Fate, had giv'n me Peace;
But now I'm doom'd the Slave to lasting Sorrows:
A mourning Widow, past the Help of Comfort,
For poor *Antonio's* Loss.

Bos. Ev'n there I'm pleas'd
To lend a Dawn of Hope. That fatal Ring,
Which you suppos'd sent from your murder'd Lord,
Came from his Hand t'assure you of his Safety.
A Pilgrim brought it; gave it to your Servants;
But, intercepted by your cruel Brother,

'Twas us'd in Aggravation of your Tortures.

Duke. Be still the Messenger of farther Comfort,
And heighten, if thou can'st, thy countless Merit.
Ten thousand Ducats crown the virtuous Man,
Who brings *Antonio* to us.

Ant. O my Princes!

Look up, and once more bless the lost *Antonio*.

[*Throws down his Pilgrim's Staff, and opens his Frock.*]

Dutch. 'Tis He: — O Ecstasy, too strong for Sense!
Joy crowds about my Heart in such Excess,
The Torrent quite o'er-bears me.

Ant. Excellent Creature!

Cleave to my Heart. O *Bosola*! My Brother!
Still wear that Title: and divide in all
My Wealth; all Joys, but One; the Summ of All.
Dutch. They now no more shall part us.

Ant. — Never, never!

Our Foes are past a Fear. — My dearest Prince,
Accept my dutious Knee.

Duke. O rise, *Antonio*,

My Father, and my Friend! — I am too young
To hold the Reins of Pow'r: Be thou my Guide,
And teach the State to ven'rate more thy Virtues.
What other Pilgrim's that?

Ant. 'Tis *Dellio*, Sir,

The willing-Follower of my wayward Fortunes.

Duke. That Service shall commend him to Reward.
Come, Madam, to the Palace, still your own:
Where let the Triumphs of your Nuptials banish

The

The Mem'ry of all Griefs.

Dyab. Some Tears are due
T' appease th' offended Pow'rs. Had I not breath'd
A guilty Vow, my Brothers had not bled.
Till Penitence shall erase that Debt of Sorrow,
I must not yield to Joy.

Pesc. My gracious Mistress,
Permit your old, your faithful, Slave to kneel,
And gratulate your strange and unhop'd Rescue.
That Vow but led, to what the Pow'rs thought fit;
Where Guilt provok'd, the vengeful Shaft is lit.
Thro' Means, beyond what Reason's Eye foresees,
Wife Providence asserts its own Decrees:
Making its Judgments, and Rewards, declare,
That Virtue still is Heav'n's peculiar Care.





EPILOGUE

For the DUTCHES.

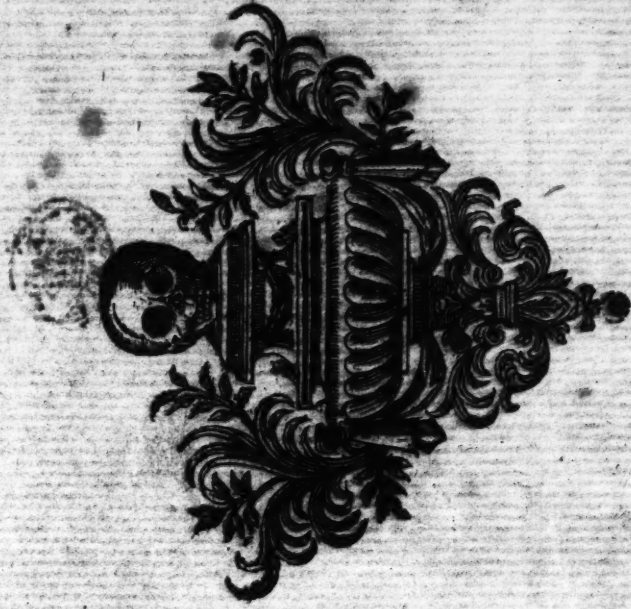
WELL, Sirs; you've seen me strangely bamp'd here,
And press'd, beyond what Woman well might bear;
But 'twas odd Doctrine, sure, and harsh to Sense;
What! To Wed twice, downright Incontinence?
I've heard it said, and not transgress a Text,
Six Husbands buried, we might take the next.
Were all young Widows bound by my strict Brother,
Her first Spouse dropping, to forswear another,
What Damsel of a Spirit would not wish,
Rather than pine on Tantalus's Dish,
To follow to the Pile her dead Decease,
Like Indian Wife, — and source too the Fire?
In former Times, when Matrons were care's'd
By Giant-Lovers, Heroes at the least,
And went to Church, if in the pious Vein,
With fifty Sons and Daughters in their Train;
When Gods came down in pure relief of Beauty;
Nay, took the Pains to teach good Men their Duty:
We might, without Regret, have condescended
Once to be Wives, — so wedded, and befriended.
But now, when all the Hero-breed is drain'd,
And Gods have ceas'd to lend their helping Hand;
When vigorous Man is dwindled down to Elf,
Made up of Dress, the Shadow of himself,
Like annual Flow'rs, peris, and of their short Swain,
That blow and wither, — but we've blow again!

Ladies

EPILOGUE.

Ladies, believe, 'tis *foolish self-denial,*
To sit down easy with a single Trial. —
Our gen'rous Post some good Confessions shew'd,
Sternly to make my *Wedding Sheets* my *Shroud's*
And tho' my *Brothers* swore they'd ne'er forgive it,
He let me marry twice, and yet out-live it.
His Lesson, then, is, "Each fair Offer seize,
" While you have Beauties, and the Pow'r to please."

FINIS.



CHOCUR



17

